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KETURAH-COLLINGS.

MRS. QUINTIN DICK.

23, Park Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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ENGLISH BIRD NAMES.

UNDER this title Mr. Hutchinson contributes a charming and discursive essay to one of the November magazines. He is much concerned to account for the manner in which various birds obtained the familiar names by which they are known either locally or generally. He finds the clue in the majority of cases in the song. The late Professor Newton, however, used to give a different explanation that was called to our memory by Mr. Hutchinson's paper. It was this: "I hardly know where we get the 'mag' from in the compound magpie." This very word was included in a list of names made by Professor Newton to show that our forefathers lived on far more friendly terms with wild life than we do, and they proved their friendliness by giving such names as their children and companions had. The redbreast, for instance, was "Robin," and, doubtless, Robin had a welcome in every household. "Mag" in magpie was an ordinary form of Margaret. It is still used in Scotland, and in a famous poem was adopted under the form of "Meg" by Robert Browning. The daws were quite naturally named Jack and Jay—Jack being suggested by the bird's cry, while Jay was perhaps a reminiscence of Jill. This custom was not confined to birds; the fox from time immemorial has been "Sir Reynard," the hare is "Poor Wat," as the cat was "Tibby." It would be easy to multiply instances showing a spirit like that of St. Francis, who held that the birds and beasts were his brothers and sisters. Of course, many names were given on account of their habits, real or imaginary. The chaffinch, for instance, goes under a large variety of names. Mr. Hutchinson mentions one of them, "fink," which suggests "so accurately the monosyllabic note of the chaffinch." It is in some places called the "white-wing," for an obvious reason. In Scotland and on the Border, it is the "apple-shieler." To shield anything, it may be explained, is to peel it, and there was a belief that the holes frequently found in apples, particularly those left on the trees, were made by this bird. We believe the name to be as great a libel as that of the "goat-sucker," which certainly does not suck goats.

We should have liked it if Mr. Hutchinson had carried his chat a little further back in order to account as far as possible for the songs of birds. True, it is an abstruse subject, and far be it from us to suggest a theory as to the origin. In order to make it at all conceivable, we should have to account for sound itself and for the sense which renders us conscious of it. At what particular point in

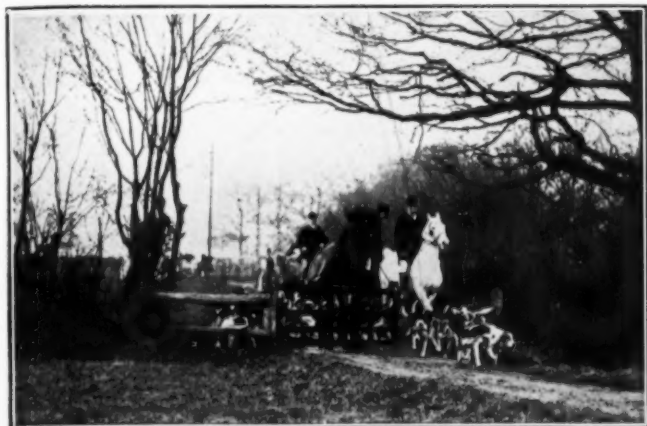
evolution hearing comes into play has not as yet been established. Fish are said to have no sense of hearing, but it is always difficult to prove a negation. We have known a pike that was accustomed to sun itself in a particular pool, and seemed to think of nothing but enjoyment as long as he was observed only by a motionless pair of eyes. There was, however, a steep path leading down to the edge of the stream, so steep that those who descended it were invariably tempted to run. It ought to be added that the path was shrouded in trees, so that to see anybody approaching was utterly impossible; but one who was at the water's edge could always hear, and at the moment when the sound of footsteps became audible the pike invariably dived into deep water and became invisible. The experiment was tried countless times, and yet was not regarded as satisfactory, because it was contended that the footfalls caused a vibration which warned the fish of approaching danger. This may have been so, although on the face of it it does not seem very likely that a human foot many yards away could cause such a vibration of the earth as would be felt by a fish in the water. However, there is no dispute in regard to the sense of hearing possessed by birds, and the question is how it came to be developed. The speculation has been made that through the long aeons in which evolution was taking place the voice of the bird adapted itself naturally to its favourite surroundings; and an attempt has been made to show a connection between the cries of sea-birds and the noises made by water. It is perfectly true that there is some similarity between them. Anyone who wishes to test it ought to station himself on the edge of a gull pond in spring and make the birds rise by waving a handkerchief in his hand. They get up swiftly and silently, their clear white and black wings flashing in the sunlight in a way to suggest to the observer some intricate aerial dance; but when the momentary alarm has subsided and the birds begin to settle down, they each give voice till the air is full of sound. At a little distance the effect on the ear is exactly the same as that produced by hearing summer waves playing on a beach. Whoever has listened to this clamour of birds in the presence of the writer has at once acknowledged the close similarity.

Sea-fowl, as a rule, utter exceedingly harsh and forbidding notes. Even their love songs, if such they can be called, sound strange and uncouth to human ears, while the cry given by the gull as he wings his way along the shore appears to be one of the most unattractive and meaningless of all bird voices. As an illustration of our meaning it will be sufficient to point to the example mentioned by Mr. Hutchinson—that of the wild goose, whose cry is described by the word "honk." No doubt it is a very bad description, and yet it is the nearest we can get to a cry that is the reverse of musical. Whoever has lived close to the sea and been in the habit of listening to the cries of the innumerable flocks of birds that are nocturnal in their habits will know that this description applies to them. The cries they give forth are no more musical than is the creaking of ice on an ocean waste near the North Pole. Why it should be so is for the naturalist to determine; but sea-birds are not musical, and when Homer imagined the sirens, it was evident that he could not have had any of the great white birds of the sea in his mind. Again, birds that live in companies in the depths of the woodland seem to suffer from the same disadvantage. No one could pretend to hear music in the cry of the rook, for example, and though the carrion crow and the raven are not gregarious, they are not possessed of more attractive voices than are the birds of the rookery. What part the creaking of the bough and the singing of the wind had in forming their voices it would be no easy task to determine. The fact is that the whole question demands careful and accurate study. Collectors have already obtained a list of musical intervals from the songs of many birds, of which the cuckoo is the most familiar example; and undoubtedly music, and music in its most divine form, that of the human voice, has been evolved from what are commonly called the sounds of Nature. It would be a beautiful and most interesting task to work all this out in sober detail. What we are doing at present is only making an attempt to show some of the general principles.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Quintin Dick. Mrs. Quintin Dick is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Penn Curzon, and her marriage to Mr. Quintin Dick took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on October 27th last.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

NO more statesmanlike document has been produced for a long time than the Proclamation which the King-Emperor has addressed to his Indian subjects. The occasion for his doing so was one that might have easily passed unnoticed. It is exactly fifty years since Queen Victoria, with the advice and consent of Parliament, took upon herself the government of the territories previously administered by the East India Company, and His Majesty's Message is a review in general, yet pregnant, terms of the progress made during the wonderful half-century that has passed away. The government of a race numbering 300,000,000 was a great undertaking, and liable to the vicissitudes of fortune which are unavoidable; but the King can say with sincerity and pride that "we survey our labours of the past half-century with clear gaze and good conscience." A little imagination is needed to understand it all. Those immense fatalistic crowds who inhabited the plains of India before the introduction of English scientific methods only bowed their heads with submission to the frequent visitations of pestilence and famine to which they were subjected. We have taught, and are still teaching, them the arts of husbandry, of irrigation, of hygiene; and while the physical part of their being has thus been attended to, they have also been trained in mind and prepared for discharging those duties of a citizen which are allotted to every subject of the King. It has, as has been said, been a difficult and long journey, but we can look back on the different stages now with a considerable degree of satisfaction.

A very important portion of the document is that in which the King deals with the difficult subject of rebellion. He says it is a paramount duty to repress "with a stern arm, guilty conspiracies that have no just cause and no serious aim." Such combinations are abhorrent to the great mass of our Indian fellow-subjects; but it would be the most futile thing in the world not to recognise the unrest that has prevailed in India since the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan. There are, and have always been, persons ready to watch for European complications in order to stir up such feelings as led to the unforgettable Mutiny which occurred directly after the Crimean War. And those who are chosen to be rulers have to recognise that this sort of disturbance cannot in the interests of the great majority be permitted. The laws, after all, are of our own making, and where they are unsatisfactory, the machinery for mending them is always at hand. Discussion and agitation having this end in view are the legitimate weapons of all concerned; but where they are supplemented by outrage and lawlessness there is no other course than that of using a strong hand to suppress them. Those who preach any other doctrine, either to the Indian subjects or to lawless persons nearer home, are false to their country and injuring those they pretend to befriend.

Sir Robert Hart referred to this stirring of the East in an admirable address given at Leeds last week. We all remember Matthew Arnold's lines about the "brooding East" scarcely lifting its head as the legions of Rome thundered by. Hitherto, what has come from it in the way of intellect are ideas, religion and poetry; but what distinguishes the present time is the material awakening of those great territories with populations that are practically innumerable. They may have been deaf to the thundering of Cæsar's legions, but they are not so to the noise of Western machinery. On the contrary, they are rapidly assimilating our knowledge in this respect and

beginning to act for themselves, as well as think. Sir Robert Hart prophesies that the century we have entered upon will see many notable developments, and that historians in after years will have much to record of it. England in all this has played a foremost part. It is largely to her action that the awakening of the East is due, and Sir Robert Hart draws from the fact a striking moral. "Unless," he said, "we Britons are able to hold against any and against all, a smash may not only paralyse our natural strength, but will certainly bring to a standstill many charities at home and all philanthropy abroad; and therefore I say, set your house in order and strengthen your country." A comment applicable to many of the striking political events that have occurred recently may be put into three words, "build more Dreadnoughts."

The report, which is issued as a Blue Book, of the Inter-Departmental Committee on injuries inflicted by trawlers on submarine cables is both satisfactory and interesting. It is satisfactory in that it seems to take the view that such injuries can be comparatively easily avoided, by care that the beam trawl be fitted with the proper head, and that "otter boards" be properly constructed. The report states, moreover, that an excellent feeling prevails among the fishermen in those waters where there is likely to be any injury done to the cables, and that they are quite ready to make any small modification in their gear that may be required. This is the more readily to be believed because it is probable enough that that gear does not escape altogether scathless from an entanglement with a submarine cable. A suggestion of value in the report is that there should be Governmental inspection of trawls and other engines for fishing in waters where there is any liability of injury to cables.

PARTING.

Give me the comfort of your hand,
Soon I must take the lonely way;
You who are quick to understand
Give me the comfort of your hand,
Strengthen my weakness for to-day.
Give me a farewell word, my dear,
Stronger and better than "good-bye";
Perchance the last that I shall hear.
Give me a farewell word, my dear,
And I shall be content to die.

HESTER ISOBEL RADFORD.

Sympathetic attention will be given in this country to the proposals made in Germany for meeting their heavy financial deficit. There are in all seven changes. One is a tax on advertisements. It will apply to all commercial and business announcements in the daily and periodical Press and by printed circulars. In the case of newspaper advertisements the tax is to be levied on the basis of the advertisement rates of the journal. On papers which come out more than once a week, and have a circulation of over 5,000 copies, there is a graded system, rising from 2 per cent. up to 10 per cent. of the advertisement rate, while weekly and monthly periodicals are to pay 10 per cent. This is, of course, a direct tax on business, and is entirely opposed to the principles that have long obtained in England. We do not believe that either a Free Trader or a Fiscal Reformer in this country would support such a tax. The proposal to create a partial monopoly in the manufacture and sale of spirits sets a precedent which this country is not very likely to follow.

Lady Desart's appeal for funds towards a capital sum of £5,000 deserves close attention. Her aim is to supplement the teaching of educated poor women who have not been fitted to earn their own livelihood. It is a well-known fact that the daughters of doctors, professors, soldiers, ministers of religion and similar classes are very frequently left penniless with a good school education, but with no training to fit them for any particular method of earning a livelihood. This scheme of Lady Desart is to provide a fund for lending to approved applicants the funds necessary to obtain special training, on the condition that it shall be returned as soon as work is obtained. Thus the money given—and Lady Desart asks for donations and not subscriptions—would remain intact; that is to say, although it would go out to the women, it would again come back from them. The scheme is a very good one indeed, and if properly supported might do much to help those whose destiny otherwise would be to become impecunious aunts in families very ill equipped for supporting them.

The late Lord Goschen, in one of the many thoughtful addresses he delivered while he was still in the House of Commons, once dwelt at length on the great advantage of litigation. Sometimes in our impatience we are apt to think

it a bore and a waste of time and money; but it does have the effect in the end of shedding a clear light on points under dispute. These remarks were suggested to our mind by a case that was tried before Justice Ridley. The point raised was that there is a belief among butchers that, according to the "custom of the trade," English beef is "beef supplied from an English slaughter-house." Justice Ridley caustically remarked that by an analogy of reasoning English soldiers killed at Waterloo might be called Belgians. Unfortunately, as we think, for the public, the case was settled by agreement, so that no opportunity was afforded of testing the validity of this definition. We should, however, be very sorry to think that butchers are entitled to call all beef killed in an English slaughter-house English.

The late Dr. Edward Caird, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, was in every respect the ideal of a studious recluse. He had inherited much of his character from a family remarkable in many respects. His grandfather, the founder, was the partner and manager of the firm of Caird and Co., so that it is easy to know where his backbone came from. His father was an eloquent and famous preacher, who afterwards became Principal of the University of Glasgow, and whose name is still a loved tradition among the students. Dr. Caird was himself a student above all else. After his student days at Oxford he went to Glasgow in 1866 and remained till 1893. It is very curious that, although he was a professor to whom students were devoted, he kept aloof from them in a certain way. In class he was the most intimate and friendly of lecturers; but, whereas other professors liked to have their students to breakfast and on other occasions, so that they became familiar with them, he, out of his innate shyness, avoided this kind of contact. It was the same at Balliol, where his best company was still found in his books. Apart from his fame as a teacher, he earned a high place for himself in literature and philosophy by his work on Hegel and Kant.

In one of the magazines for November the question is asked whether the children of this generation are as happy as those of a preceding time. The answer, somewhat to our surprise, is in the negative. It would, however, be very difficult to arrive at any definite result, because, luckily or unluckily, happiness is something that can be neither measured with a line nor weighed with scales. Still, those who remember the repression that was exercised over childhood in Victorian days, and the comparative freedom now, must surely admit that the step has been a forward one. Parents, for example, used almost invariably to converse with their children as if they were addressing inferiors; now they go to the opposite extreme, and old and young are what they call in the slang of the day "quite chummy together." Perhaps in many cases this is carried to an extreme, with a consequent loss of dignity and authority; but the change has surely released young people from one of the cords that bound them.

Our cricket authorities, in their arrangements for the Test Matches of next year, have hit on a compromise which is likely to give more general satisfaction than most of its kind. It does not fit in with the conditions of cricket here that all the big matches should be played to a finish, no matter how many days they may require, as is the way at the Antipodes. On the other hand, we all should like to see the merits of British and Australian teams put to a real and conclusive "test," and not left indefinite by re-a-on of matches unfinished. The conclusion which our authorities have arrived at is that the first four of the Test games shall be normal three-day matches, but that, if the decision is still left open, the fifth and final game beginning on a Monday shall be played to a finish, only with this proviso, that in no case shall it last over the third day after the expiration of the last of the first three, *i.e.*, the Saturday. This, which reads like a counsel of almost unnecessary caution, is no doubt inspired rather by a fear of our weather's eccentricities than of any Fabian tactics on the players' part.

The introduction of the reindeer into Newfoundland seems to have been eminently satisfactory, and among its other uses it is providing work there for a number of Laplanders who are accustomed to the handling of these cattle, which are strange to the native of their new country. A while ago we noticed that a few Laplander families were being taken across with the first consignment of the reindeer, and we now hear of another family of the same little people arriving at Hull on their way to the American Continent and exciting no small interest in that seaport, while, doubtless, finding much of interest and novelty to themselves there.

There was a rather instructive will case before Mr. Justice Eve recently. A testator had left to his son "my tin despatch box at present at the Bank." The box was found to contain securities of considerable value, but it was held that these did

not pass to the son, who was only entitled under the words of the will to the empty box. It seems fairly obvious that the testator's intention was here defeated by a carelessly expressed form of bequest, and it cannot be too often impressed upon will-makers that if they wish the contents of a box or receptacle to pass to the legatee, they should say so in specific terms. Another point raised in the same case had reference to the use of the word "money," which was held to apply only to cash, whether in hand, at the bank, or at call, and not to include money invested in Consols or other securities. It is not unlikely that a testator wishes, by the use of some such phrase as "the whole of my money," to give to the beneficiary something more than that which the word money literally comprises. But probability is one thing and judicial certainty another.

NOVEMBER.

Now comes a time of mistiness
When Nature waits her winter troubles,
'Mid woods that wear an Autumn dress,
'Mid fresh turned loam and yellow stubbles,
When at the gorse or cover side
The scarlet-coated Whip stands sentry,
And you may hear the Huntsman chide
The riot of the youthful entry!

Or, you may walk by copse and down,
(A ten mile tramp is nothing to you,—)
Into some red-roofed Market Town,
Where dogs and children seem to know you;
The foot path rank with fallen leaf,
The hedge with early rime aglitter,
To lunch—at length—on cold boiled beef
And bread and cheese and foaming "bitter"!

Or, if a gun is all you need,
Then, with a brace of romping Clumbers
You'll wander where the pheasants feed,
And interrupt their mid-day slumbers;
Old fashioned? Yes, perhaps a bit,
But then you like such old-world rambles,
Besides you know you sometimes hit
A young bird rising out of brambles!

The garden?—well you can't expect
To meet July in dark November,
The beds, though showing no neglect,
I quite admit bear signs of ember;
But though their painted pomp succumbs,
And though you miss May's "flowerful closes"
You'll find the brown chrysanthemums
And faint, delayed Autumnal roses.

Trout fishing's past, but if you like
To do a little quiet trolling,
That worthy animal the pike
Will try his best to be consoling;
And though there's nothing beats "the Drake"
And June along the trout stream's reaches,
It's good to potter where the lake
Reflects the red-gold on the beeches.

Of course it's nightfall now at five,
But when the roads are dark and muddy,
You'll find on turning up the drive
The firelight flickering in the study,
'Twill paint for you in rosy hue
The simple joys of Present living,
And by its kindly light you'll view
The Future's clouds without misgiving.

P. R. C.

A curious little argument is going on in the leading newspaper in regard to foxes and rabbits. It seems to be the opinion of at least one writer that foxes do not eat rabbits—an impression which was, perhaps, produced by the fact that foxes, rabbits and badgers are known to live in the same burrows in close contiguity one to another. But in reality this does not prove anything at all. We have known badgers kill fox cubs, but that would not justify us in saying that they do so regularly. That the fox eats rabbit whenever he can get it, is, however, beyond question. When an earth lies too near a pheasant covert, the gamekeeper has long been in the habit of laying rabbits for the vixen, to divert her attention from the sacred birds.

The White Star steamer *Arabic* has lately landed in New York a consignment of 2,000 Norwich canaries to supply part of the extensive demand for these cage-birds in that great country. It is a demand which is rather surprising when we consider the large extent of the United States and the variety of its climate; but the fact is that in spite of its size and variety, America is not very richly supplied with song-birds. Its mocking bird and Virginian nightingale are among the finest, and with its peculiar talents the former is, no doubt, superior to any bird of this country, and has a very beautiful song of its own, in addition to its imitative gifts. It is said to lose its eyesight when

transported across the ocean, and therewith much of its song. No doubt there are parts of America where the climate would suit the canaries out of doors if they have not lost all adaptability and power of seeking their own living. It is stated that for several years this company's boats alone have been taking from 15,000 to 20,000 canaries to the States from England.

If a man leaves a life-annuity to his parrot, it is as well for him to understand that he is, in all probability, burdening his estate for a considerable number of years. A late solicitor of Weymouth left a provision in his will for the maintenance,

after his death, of his two dogs and his parrot. The former have died, but the latter is still alive and, according to the tables of expectation of life commonly drawn up for parrots, is likely to live a great many years more. This annuity is left in the form of £10 to be given each year to two servants of the deceased during the lifetime of either or both of them and of the parrot, to be expended on the parrot's maintenance. Under the conditions, it appears that if the parrot survives, as it probably will, the servants, it becomes a pauper alien, and that even its late master, though of the legal profession, has not perfectly provided for its welfare. But this is looking a long way ahead.

CLAIMANTS FOR OLD AGE PENSIONS.

SOME doubt may be entertained as to the general policy on which the Old Age Pensions Act is founded; but there can be none as to the curious and pathetic interest which has been aroused by the investigations preliminary to bringing the Act into effective operation. It has led to searching enquiries into the conditions under which the aged poor live. One country parish may be taken to speak for many, and the writer may perhaps be allowed to describe the cases which have come under his own notice. These belong to a village which is essentially agricultural in its character. It

is true that no farmers actually live in it and the parish is an "open" one. But there is no industry followed except



Miss P. Pitt.

OLD AGE HAS COMPENSATIONS.

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that of husbandry, and a few callings dependent upon it. Among the inhabitants are a few tradesmen who do not live by cultivating the soil, but who supply the wants of those who do. There is a shoemaker and a saddler, a merchant, as the principal shopkeeper is called—apparently because he sells everything from shoe-laces to mutton, and from soap to suits of clothes. There are, too, a number of derelicts, who originally belonged to a country society that is now changing. One aged claimant for a pension, who, by the number of his years, at any rate, is well entitled to it, is a tailor. In early days he lived by going out to do work, and

he remembers the time when the labourer who wanted clothes made for his children did not go to a town to buy



W. Selfe.

THE ACCUSTOMED WAY.

Copyright

them in a cheap, ready-made store, but engaged the tailor to come for so many days, during which he received a trifle of wages and his food. It was an economical plan, because when seated on the kitchen table with his board and "goose," he was as ready to cut down the clothes of the old for the young as to deal with new cloth. He attributes the poverty of his later days to the practice which has gradually been gaining ground of going to the town for everything and not employing the local talent. Many of the villagers remember him as having been, in the days of his prime, a very merry sort of man, who made the labourers' kitchens ring with his cheery whistle and with the laughter which his droll stories and



Dr. Grindrod.

OUTSIDE THE ACT.

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ings and vices are so obvious to everybody, and who is so deaf to reason and argument, that it is impossible to be really angry with him. For some time past he has subsisted on a hardly known how, getting from a neighbour here and a neighbour there a bit of bacon, a boiling of potatoes and in a few cases some coppers that enable him to live on from day to day. And, to be sure, the old reprobate never seems to have been unhappy in his distress. He is a philosopher, who takes what the day brings and who looks neither before nor after. Regret for anything in the past is as foreign to his nature as apprehension is as to the future. There is another very very old man who has applied for a pension, but, be it noted, when we use the word "applied" the reference is more to the action of his friends than himself, because, in spite of all that has been spoken and written on the subject, we have found that most of the actual claimants for a pension were themselves utterly ignorant of what was to be obtained. It almost invariably turns out that the action is due to the suggestion of their more intelligent acquaintances. The individual to whom we are at present referring affords an example of the misery of labour in its wrecked condition. Although bent



J. Cruwys Richards.

STILL WORKING.

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unending gossip drew forth. Until the Old Age Pensions Act was passed he was, to a large extent, kept by his son, a steady man, who has taken to work on the land, but who, being the father of a considerable family, is in such dire stress himself that the keep of his father was a serious task upon his resources. This is a specimen of the very respectable poor man who has had to encounter hard poverty in his old age. There are other cases of a different kind, in which want is the direct result of thriftlessness. No doubt the political economist might say severe words to the ancient who, in his day, was the cleverest horse-coper in the country-side, and in addition earned good wages for breaking colts, yet made no preparation for a rainy



J. C. Richards AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

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day. But this is a severe and distant view. We, who know the man, are perfectly aware that he was something of a rascal, and that his money used to come with the drum and go with the life. The unwritten annals of the village contain stories innumerable of his wild doings when he had money, which is only a different way of spelling drink. In this village, however, we are not very strict moralists, and the horse-coper is one of those whose fail-

nearly double with rheumatism he is still able to go about, and has been in the habit of living—if it can be called living—on about 1s. 6d. a week for doing work in a garden. The wage was supplemented by an occasional meal and 1oz. of tobacco weekly. The man lives with an unmarried daughter of about fifty, who is the laundress of a village in which clean shirts are seldom worn except on Sunday. She is, however, fairly industrious, and just able to keep a roof above her own head and that of her father. It is impossible to deny that the pension which he will receive will come as a relief and a blessing to this little family. Another case illustrates the natural decay of the labourer. We have known the man for many years and can aver that he is fairly industrious and absolutely sober, yet he has been unable to make any preparation whatever for the needs of old age. This is, however, not really any fault of the social institutions of to-day; it is due only to the extraordinary stupidity of the man. Thoroughly well-meaning in every way, he yet does not seem to have sense enough to grasp the simplest directions, and, if there is a possibility of doing anything wrong, is sure to do it. In consequence he has never been able to keep a situation for a great length of time. He began life on a farm, where, as a comparatively young man, he was employed to feed and attend to the farmstock; but we have been told that nothing could induce him to carry out the wishes of his employer in the way of being regular both in the time at which he fed and the amount he gave to the animals. Then he spent a few years as gardener and groom in the family of a poor clergyman who was unable to pay for any better service. He had only to attend to a very small garden and an old pony; but though his errors were dealt with kindly by his employer, the situation did not last. The clergyman died, and the man began to do job work for various people who did not look on his work with the same kindly and tolerant eye. However, a retired officer wished to have a personal servant, and gave him a trial in a place where he might have been for life if he had possessed ordinary intelligence. But, though the man was willing enough, he was unfitted for this too, and coming into a little money, he started, of all things in the world, a career as a merchant of pigs, the breeding of which is a feature in this agricultural neighbourhood. But from his antecedents the result could easily have been forecast, and it was disastrous. His little capital was dissipated, and once more he was thrown on the world; but by this time rheumatism and the other evils that afflict the poor had set their teeth into him, and there was little he could get to do except drive a herd of cows out to pasture in the morning and back in the evening. He is now past his seventieth year, and stands as a representative of the man of few gifts, who has been honest, clean-living and willing to work, yet lacked that small amount of brains which would have made him an efficient servant. The histories of the women claimants are even more touching. There are two of them—sisters—who are both approaching the age of four-score. Both made a slip in their youth, for which the most uncharitable could scarcely blame them, as they were the daughters of one of those village ruffians who were more common fifty or sixty years ago than they are to-day. They were placed in circumstances in which only the strictest virtue would have kept them right; but the lives which they have led since then—part of which, at any rate, has come under the notice of the writer—have been such as to atone for any error of the past. They have lived for nearly half a century in the same cottage, and have, to use an expressive Scotch word, "bingled" an income together by taking any chance employment that offered. When strong, they did the washing of such houses as were able to afford the very modest wage expected by them. At busy times they went out to work on the fields, gathering stones and weeds for the farmer in early spring, setting potatoes, hoeing turnips, harvesting when the crops were ripe and in autumn raking leaves and sweeping paths on the grounds of an estate. While they were doing this they supplemented their casual earnings by taking in lodgers. It seems on paper as though they were fully employed; but whoever knows what these tasks mean

in a remote country village is aware how slight are the payments. The wages they earned were never more than a pittance, and the lodgers they received were only those hard-up and impecunious travellers who were unable to pay the modest price demanded at the village inn, and who in many cases refused to give more than they would have paid in a miserable town doss-house. Yet the fatalism so often found among the poor enabled them to take all this as though ordained by the unalterable law of things. It was their life, and they never dreamed of its being changed. What they did dread with horror was the idea of having to go at last to "the House," and when their affairs came to be examined, it was only with the greatest difficulty ascertained that each had some small savings in the Post Office Savings Bank. They amounted only to a trifle over £4 each, and it was some time before we understood the anxiety, even fear, with which they regarded any investigation into the matter. The explanation eventually came out that this small hoard had been laid aside with the purpose of providing them with what they called Christian burial. They would have suffered endless anguish on their death-beds if they believed that, at last, they would have to be buried at the expense of the parish. The sentiment is not hereditary, but had been gradually developed in them, in their evolution from the disreputable into respectability.

In our neighbourhood it has not been found that many claimants for old age pensions had money in the Savings Bank, although we have heard that in other districts this



W. G. Meredith.

NOT NEEDING A PENSION YET.

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has often occurred. Our experience in regard to labourers is that they may be divided into two classes—those who are industrious and work their way steadily into a position of comfort, and in many cases even of affluence, and those who take no effective thought for the morrow. They spend their money as they get it and, sad to relate, go into debt to the village tradesman whenever they have the chance of doing so. The Post Office Savings Bank is not greatly patronised. Of course, we are speaking at the moment of a particular village; there is plenty of evidence that an entirely different state of things prevails elsewhere. Only the other day a friend from Staffordshire who has a practical interest in the administration of the Old Age Pensions Act wrote to us saying how large was the number of cases in which it has been discovered that the applicants for pensions had been steadily laying by money for years in the Savings Bank. Many had to be rejected because their income rendered them ineligible, and others were very close to the border; but this is a state of things which the writer knows only from hearsay. It is no part of his own personal experience.

In our part of the country there is comparatively little or no saving through the Post Office Savings Bank. The investigations necessitated by the application of the Old Age Pensions Act have not laid bare any hoards made by those who are indigent. But then the folk are so old-fashioned that they prefer the proverbial stocking-foot to any other form of saving.

Moreover, the industrious who remain on the land have only one object in view, viz., to become tenants of a good holding. Many of the best leave, but they naturally prefer, if they save at all, to put their small holdings in a town bank.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FAMA SUPER ÆTHERA NOTUS"—These proud words which have been chosen to open this article form the motto adopted by the Trinity Boat Club (now the First Trinity Boat Club) when its founders first launched it on its prosperous career on the shallow, sluggish waters of the Cam. "The armorial shield used by the Club on its flags, boats, etc.," says Mr. W. W. Rouse Ball in the book which lies before us, *A History of the First Trinity Boat Club* (Bowes and Bowes), "is azure with three crowns, one and two, and in base a lion passant gardant or. This shield," he continues, "has no connection with the Black Prince or his father. I conjecture that it was invented by the founders of the Club, who took the lion from the arms of England or of the College, and added the crowns of France, England and Scotland, which are borne on the sceptre carried by Edward III. in his statue on the Clock-Tower. The motto taken by the Club, *Fama super æthera notus*, is that painted after the name of Edward III. on that Tower." I may add that the tower is the north gateway of the great court of Trinity College, and that the full hexameter painted under the ancient statue is "Tertius Edwardus Fama Super Æthera Notus." The First Trinity Boat Club was founded in 1825. In the spring of that year Mr. C. F. R. Baylay, who had come up to Trinity from Greenwich School in the previous October, joined with three other Trinity men in hiring a four-oar called the Shannon, for the term, and thus formed the earliest college boat club at Cambridge. They used to row together a great deal, and were thus able to beat any scratch crews they fell in with. Dean Merivale has given a description of the manner in which races were conducted in those ancient days: "In the summer of 1826," he said in 1881, "there were only two eight-oars on the water, a Trinity boat and a Johnian, and the only idea of encounter they had was that each should go, as it were, casually down stream and lie in wait, one of them, I believe, sounding a bugle to intimate its whereabouts, when the other, coming up, would give chase." It was the Johnians who formed the second club at Cambridge. They brought up an eight-oar from Eton, and launched her with a full complement of men, much to the astonishment of Mr. Baylay's four. These latter, however, soon followed suit with another eight, the King Edward III., and after them another set of Trinity men launched the Monarch, a ten-oar. This craft proved too unwieldy, and was abandoned in favour of an eight-oared Monarch. Two or three six-oars then appeared from other colleges, and in 1827 the Cambridge University Boat Club was founded in order to co-ordinate and supervise the college races. In that year the bumping races, rowed on much the same system as obtains now, but over a different course, were started. It appears, then, that the earliest college boat clubs at Cambridge were formed by the more or less casual association of certain friends for the purpose of training a particular boat—the Shannon, the King Edward III., the Monarch, the Lady Margaret, etc. In the case of Trinity College these casual clubs were permanently united in March, 1828, and thus, as Mr. Rouse Ball observes, the constitution of the Trinity Boat Club was put on its present basis. All these facts of ancient history are very clearly brought out by Mr. Rouse Ball in his book. I must pause for a moment to congratulate him very heartily on the successful accomplishment of his task. He is a learned man (for is he not a Fellow of his college?) and a busy one, for, in addition to his ordinary avocations, he has undertaken to be the guardian of the finances of the great boat club to which he belongs. By writing this history he has increased the very considerable debt of gratitude which is owed to him by his fellow-members of all generations. His undertaking was no light one. The records with which he dealt and on which, in the main, he had to depend for his facts, have passed continually from hand to hand during the long period of the club's existence. Some books have been mutilated, not purposely, but through carelessness; some have been irretrievably lost. For instance, when I myself examined the records some twenty years ago, there was in existence an old book containing at one end "The Laws of the Monarch Boat Club" and a list of its members from 1826 to 1828, while in the other end were inscribed lists of members of the Trinity Boat Club from 1829, minutes of its meetings and brief descriptions of the races in which it was engaged from 1829 to 1834. This old book has now, I gather, perished completely. I gave extracts from its somewhat draconic code of "Laws" in my Isthmian book on Rowing, and I judge that the earliest "Laws of the Trinity Boat Club," as printed in Mr. Rouse

Ball's book, were taken from the Monarch laws that I gave. However that may be, Mr. Rouse Ball's "History" is lacking neither in general completeness nor in essential detail. It must have been a great temptation to him, as he worked his way through the club books, to use large extracts from them as the staple of his story, but he has very wisely refrained from doing this. His design, no doubt, was to produce an accurate history; but the book was to be manageable in size and was not to be overloaded with matter. As I say, he has succeeded very brilliantly in his undertaking. Every First Trinity man ought to buy a copy of the book. Many others who do not hail from the college, but who take an interest in oarsmanship and its history, will find in it much that is well worthy of their attention.

Where an author has very properly made conciseness of statement his primary object, it is almost inevitable that he should occasionally fall into inaccuracies or give accounts which to those who know the full circumstances appear to be hardly adequate. I can only say that I have read Mr. Rouse Ball's book carefully, and that such inaccuracies and inadequacies as I have detected are so slight and unimportant that its historical value remains substantially unaffected. Two small matters I may, however, mention. In the course of his narrative, the author refers year by year to the Inter-University Boat-Races. With regard to 1852, he says:

The style of rowing at Oxford was supposed to be poor, and the O.U.B.C. boat was trained and coached by T. Egan of Caius, one of the best representatives of Cambridge rowing at the time. A similar service was rendered to Cambridge by G. Morrison in 1870, and by W. A. L. Fletcher in 1898 and 1899.

I do not think that the statement that Oxford rowing in 1852 "was supposed to be poor" can be justified. Oxford had won the Grand at Henley in the previous year—though it must be added that Cambridge, who competed against them, broke a rowlock, Oxford being then clear—and in 1850 Oxford had rowed over both for the Grand and the Stewards'. I am disposed to think that rowing on the Isis was supposed, and rightly, to be in a very flourishing condition. The true facts with regard to Egan's services as coach to the Oxford crew are, in part, on record in Egan's own eloquent "Apologia," contributed to *Bell's Life* at the time. The rest were communicated to me many years ago by Lord Justice Chitty, the Oxford president of 1852. Egan's long and brilliant aquatic "log," from the year 1834, when he first rowed in a Caius College crew, is given in full in the "Record of the University Boat-Race," by Treherne and Goldie. Before 1852 he had steered and coached many Cambridge crews. In 1849 Cambridge decided to put themselves in the charge of Robert Coombes, the celebrated professional sculler, and Egan, holding, as he did, very strong views as to the detrimental effects of professional control over amateur rowing, shook the dust of the C.U.B.C. off his feet. He had many acquaintances at Oxford, and thither he went in 1852 on a visit to watch the practice of the O.U.B.C. crew. One day he himself suggested (to the president) that he should coach the crew. After some consideration and consultation with his friends, Chitty accepted the offer. In telling me the story the Lord Justice added words which indicated that, while Egan's services as coach were accepted, the full control of the crew's practice and training remained in the president's hands. Thus was brought about the first coaching of a University crew by a member of the rival U.B.C. George Morrison, who, by the way, coached Cambridge in 1869 as well as in 1870, was specially and formally invited by the authorities to undertake the duty, and this was the case in 1883, when W. B. Woodgate helped Cambridge, in 1891 and all the other years when I myself had the honour of coaching Oxford, and in 1898 and 1899, when W. A. L. Fletcher coached Cambridge. Egan soon made up his quarrel with the C.U.B.C. In 1853, indeed, he was actually elected president of the club, though he had taken his degree so far back as 1839. Mr. Rouse Ball is, therefore, not quite accurate when, referring to James B. Close's election as president of the C.U.B.C. in April, 1894, he speaks of it as an "unprecedented compliment." In 1856, Egan coached both Universities, going in alternate weeks to Oxford and to Cambridge. The final entry in his "log" is this:

1860. Trained C.U.B.C. against Oxford. Cambridge won. Trained First Trinity for Henley, which won G.C.C., beating London Rowing Club. Presented with a 100-guinea tankard by the oarsmen of the Cam.

Truly no inglorious finale to a river history of twenty-seven years.

For a rowing-man there can be no more fascinating occupation than the study of such college records as Mr. Rouse Ball has epitomised in his *History of First Trinity*. It is to the keen rivalry of these vigorous and independent clubs that the excellence of University oarsmanship is due. The "Blues," like Agamemnon, have their bards, and the tongues of men, as well as the pens of the sporting reporters, spread their fame far and wide. But for each Blue there are scores of college oarsmen whose prowess never travels beyond the limits of the Cam. They row because rowing is a pleasure to them, because the ancient traditions of their clubs inspire them, and thus,

keeping alive the spirit of discipline and the joy of noble bodily exercise, they do no mean service to the college of which they are members. "If the College boat is a good one I know the heart of the College is sound," said the Principal of an Oxford college once in a bump-supper speech. Trinity, Cambridge, where there are two boat clubs, must have a heart doubly sound when both boats go well.

This matter of the two Trinity Boat Clubs has always been a puzzling one to the uninitiated. "First Trinity and Third Trinity," they say, "we know; but why is there no Second Trinity?" The answer is easy: there was once a Second Trinity, and it had no undistinguished history. It rowed Head of the River in 1835 and 1849, numbering among its crew on the latter occasion, unless my memory misleads me, no less a person than W. H. Waddington, who became Prime Minister of France in 1879, and, in 1883, French Ambassador in this country. The club had a bookish reputation, and in the early records it is sometimes referred to as "Reading Trinity." In 1876 a lack of members and a growing debt brought it to an end; and thus it comes that "First" and "Third" (the club of the Etonians and Westminster men) are left without their intervening ordinal. In the ancient days—that is, even before I myself became a member of First Trinity—the college boats used to be distinguished by names rather than by numerals. I have already spoken of the Shannon, the Monarch and the King Edward as First Trinity boats in the early part of the last century. Later on the first boat of the club was known and celebrated as the Black Prince. "In the first race of the Easter Term [of 1832]," says Mr. Rouse Ball, "the Club again entered on the river a second boat, described by the adjective *Cannibal*." The name, it appears, was given to them in honour of their captain, H. F. Carleton, who was known as "Cannibal" Carleton among his friends. It survived for many years. Indeed, there hung in the boathouse in my time a

board to indicate the place in which the second crew were privileged to dress, and on it the word "Cannibals" was still distinguishable, though the words "Second Boat" had been painted over it. Similarly the third crew of the club had its own name, a very peculiar one. Mr. Rouse Ball gives it as "Noyous," and records its date of origin as 1842. "The secretary," he adds, "has appended a note that the name was given 'to our second Cannibals . . . from their bad or noxious pulling.'" With deference to the secretary I may observe that this explanation hardly explains. My own recollection is that the name occurs in the club books as "Noyers," and I always imagine that it must have been derived from the French verb *noyer*, to drown, in contemptuous allusion to the unsophisticated and splashing efforts of the crew. I rowed in the Noyers thirty-two years ago, when the boat was sixth on the river, and on the last two nights of the races we all but swallowed up the "Cannibals," who happened to be in front of us. I still think we ought to have bumped them.

This article, however, is already long enough, and I must not indulge myself in any further reminiscences. I repeat that I have read Mr. Rouse Ball's little book with genuine interest and pleasure. Once again, in memory, I have walked across the hazy Common, have changed in the boathouse, have taken my seat in a racing boat, and have heard the voice of the coach as he reproved, exhorted and encouraged our efforts. Those were the great days of life, and their recollection is an abiding joy. It is satisfactory to know that, in spite of the attractions of an institution called the "Field Club," which has combined all the other sporting institutions of Trinity into one association with a cheap subscription, the old Boat Club, with the proud motto and the noble traditions, still manages to do its duty successfully between the banks of the Cam. Long may it flourish!

R. C. LEHMANN.

MRS. GREEN.

I. — "ME REMEMBERIN' WHAT'S DOO."

"O LE Wall's dead," said Mrs. Green, without further preface, as we rushed into each other round the corner of the Rectory.

"Yes, I know," said I, when I had recovered from the shock of the sudden impact.

"Oh, what a lorst 'e is, Miss Meary," said Mrs. Green, gazing at me solemnly.

"Well, really, Mrs. Green," said I, "he having been the kind of man he was—"

"Ow could 'e 'ave been the kind of man 'e wasn't?" said Mrs. Green.

"He couldn't have been, I suppose," said I, somewhat taken aback.

"Jusso," said Mrs. Green, with gloomy reproach; "then why go a-mentionin' of it?"

I gazed at Mrs. Green, struggling with the species of mental coma her style of conversation not infrequently induces; and Mrs. Green gazed back at me with a firm front.

"Do I go a-mentionin' of it, I arst you?" she said, piously, "though 'e was a relation-be-marridge of me own? When 'e's just 'ad to roosh orf to 'Eving most unwilling, so to speak, as isn't the kind of place you can h'ever get back from, thank goodness, 'owever natchrul to wish the same, is it a time to go a-mentionin' of it in a keerness and lightsome manner, I arst you? Dew 'ear me a-mentionin' what a dreadful ole person ole Wall was, Miss Meary? Which a 'arder-'eartid, 'arder-fistid, 'arder-drinkin' ole h'immidge never step, as say I shell whatever 'appings, in 'Eving or outer it," added Mrs. Green, thoughtfully, "steppin' 'avin' been the larst thing 'e did, of course, through seldom bein' abil to ser much as stand an' never gettin' anywhere in consequence excep' by fallin' there in a 'ighly brewed condition. But dew 'ear me a-mentionin' of it, I arst you, Miss Meary?"

Here Mrs. Green folded her arms and gazed upon me in a lofty manner.

"Well, Mrs. Green," said I, mildly, "I could almost think I did."

"Never!" said Mrs. Green, with a start and a slight change of countenance.

"Well, I could almost think so," said I, pensively.

"Ah, h'almost, pereps, I grant you, miss," replied Mrs. Green, musingly, "but not quite. The two's very different, if you'll allow me, miss. H'almost, I grant you, pereps, miss, but few things could be further from quite, of course, which look at Lord 'Armer-'Armer."

"Why at Lord Harmer-Harmer?" said I.

"Well, don't look at 'im if you don't want," said Mrs. Green, magnanimously. "Anythink more 'ideos could certingly 'ardly

be seen, an' h'any on 'em 'ill do as well. I only chose 'im because 'e's just startid out to be an ole family close by 'ere, so to speak, as isn't a thing a person oughter start h'anywheres excep' in their bedrooms before the lookin'-glass with the door shut keerful—an' then every 'ope they'd give over startin' to be anythink through shock an' the start it 'ud give 'em of a different kind. But there's plenty on 'em about! H'any gentleman as isn't one—sech as H'Andrew—"

"Perhaps it's kinder not to mention names," said I.

"Oh, it's certingly kinder," said Mrs. Green. "Or Sir Thom—"

"I think it's really better, Mrs. Green—" said I, firmly.

"Much better," said Mrs. Green, with equal firmness, "an' I'm glad to 'ear you say so, Miss Meary. H'almost bein' the distance orf it is from quite, few things could be a greater pity than to go a-thinkin' thus determined an' pleased that you've 'eard what you 'aven't, if natchrul in them as is h'easy mistook. It isn't h'orften a person 'ears what wasn't h'ever said nor never could be," added Mrs. Green, with grieved reproach, "though it doubtless does 'appin' at times, sech as in a tellin'phone, of course, as is the larst place for tellin' h'anybody anythink unless you don't want 'em to 'ear it."

"Well, never mind, Mrs. Green," said I, soothingly. "Let us say no more about it."

"Me never 'aving said anythink of any kind," replied Mrs. Green, with sudden and startling indignation, "I'd thank you not to tell me never to mind in that there kind-'eartid manner, Miss Meary."

"I'm very sorry, I assure you, Mrs. Green," said I, hastily.

"To 'ave a person tellin' of you never to mind," said Mrs. Green, breathing heavily, "is not a thing as can be bore. Limits there's got to be, though a milder-tempered woman never step."

"I really did not mean—"

"Then you should 'a' been more keerful not to," said Mrs. Green, with deep reproach. "Dew 'ear the Rector a-tellin' of a person a thing like that there, I arst you? though well 'e might do, 'e bein' a clergyman an' 'avin' a right to beyave unchrischin orf an' on, of course, through it bein' h'impossibil h'otherwise to up'old the church."

"But I assure you I never meant to tell you not to mind, Mrs. Green," said I; "that is—I mean I wouldn't—"

"I daresay you wouldn't, miss," replied Mrs. Green, still struggling with dignified emotion. "It's the same to you whether I mind or not, of course. You wouldn't keer enough to tell me not to mind, of course."

I gazed at Mrs. Green in silence, and there was a short pause, during which Mrs. Green strove with herself and gradually became composed.

"As for sayin' 'no more,'" she remarked, suddenly growing thoughtful, "which is 'ardly a remark to be used thus light-eartid, at the best of times, excep' when speakin' of a corp—'ow can them as 'aven't never said nothink say 'no more,' 'owever 'ard they try?"

"I don't know," said I. "It sounds as if they couldn't."

"Then I heggspec' it sounds what it is," replied Mrs. Green, with a pensive sigh. "An' it would be an 'appier world if them as 'ave said a grea' deal, an' most of it 'ighly mistook, was to leave it ort, 'owever difficult, before it becomes a life-long 'abit to go rooshin' about the world a-smilin' in a light-eartid manner about a pore old relation-be-marridge of me own as can't smile at no one through bein' in 'is grave, thank goodness."

No remark occurring to me in reply to this aspiration, Mrs. Green and I regarded each other a moment in silence, during which Mrs. Green's aspect gradually relaxed.

"If it was meas did it," she explained, sighing, "that would be an 'oly different matter! An 'oly different matter that would be, which I 'ope I might say what I liked if I wanted, of course, 'e 'avin' been a relation-be-marridge of me own, but wild 'orsis couldn't drag it from me, me rememberin' what's doo. Though why a wild 'orse should hever want to do anythink of the kind," added Mrs. Green, again suddenly plunging into thought, "it would be 'ard to say unless one knoo botany or sech."

Just at this juncture in our conversation, a window shot up in the wall above us, a head shot out of it, and a loud voice remarked into the upper air:

"Are you going to stand there talking all day long, Mary, may I ask?"

Mrs. Green and I leapt with the start it gave us; and before we could collect our senses, the window shot down again with the same vigour with which it had shot up, and left us staring skywards in an absorbed manner. Recovering, we looked at each other pensively.

"Would that be your H'Aunt Lewcy, as it were?" enquired Mrs. Green, with politeness, after a minute.

I replied with equal politeness that I thought it probably would be.

"A leetle sudding, pereps, so to speak," said Mrs. Green, mildly.

I replied that it was perhaps a little sudden.

"Like a voice from 'Eving," said Mrs. Green, meditatively, "as I always did think must 'ave made everybody jump with the 'orribil start it gave 'em, though of course not mentioned in Scripchers, they bein' nothink if not perlite."

"I think, perhaps, Mrs. Green—" said I, with rebuking firmness.

"So do I, miss," said Mrs. Green, approvingly. "Pereps you 'ad."

"Had what?" said I.

"Better go in," said Mrs. Green, "Your H'Aunt Lewcy 'aving certingly been your H'Aunt Lewcy, 'owever unlikely an' doubtless a pity, but not to be 'elped now."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said I, reassuringly. "I don't think I need go in."

Mrs. Green gazed upon me with thoughtful interest.

"I'd 'eard as much," she remarked, pensively, after a moment.

"Nothing of the sort," said I, hastily.

"Of what sort?" enquired Mrs. Green.

This somehow seemed so difficult to explain that I opened my mouth twice and shut it again, whereupon Mrs. Green, after a short period of affable waiting, removed her own gaze to the sky and, pursing up her lips, sang a song as one who thinks of far other things.

"You are entirely mistaken, Mrs. Green," said I, with mingled dignity and brightness.

"What in, as it were?" enquired Mrs. Green, kindly.

"In—that is, in—I mean, in—," said I.

Mrs. Green tolerantly waited for another short period; and then, once more gazing at the sky, resumed her song while she beat time, with an interested hand, to the singular absence of either time or tune which distinguished it.

"Well, anyway," said I, abandoning the situation, "I'm not going in. So now we—"

"Not?" said Mrs. Green, pausing with a dramatic start.

"No," said I.

"Oh, what a pity it is when young people will go fallin' out with their elders, especially when 'ardly to be called young any longer, 'owever wishful," remarked Mrs. Green, rapidly.

"I haven't fallen out with anybody," said I.

"You might 'ave, though, if you'd been up at that there top winder with 'er, an' she h'almost as sudding as a German H'Emperer," said Mrs. Green, "as bursts out into telegrams an' h'intimations that unexpected no one could be more surprised at it than 'e 'isself, not to say shocked, of course. You might 'ave fallen out with 'er 'eadlong 'and-in' 'and as friendly as anythink,

so to speak, though not usual to go 'and-in' 'and with a person when falling out with 'em, it gen'rally bein' rather the h'oppersite through temper. Which if your H'Aunt Lewcy takes to bein' a voice from 'Eving out of a top winder like that there after the manner of the German H'Emperer," added Mrs. Green, with some irritation, "she'll go a-fallin' out hall by 'erself some day, as isn't a thing as can h'ever be done, of course, 'owever 'ard you try, along of its takin' two to make a quarrel if not three—but a more dang'rous h'accident could 'ardly 'appin' to 'er, an' she the h'age she is through the care she takes not to be."

"I don't think I quite follow you, Mrs. Green," said I, earnestly.

"It's much bes' not to try," replied Mrs. Green, firmly. "H'orften an' h'orften I don't foller meself—so it's not much use h'anyone h'else tryin' to do it, I should think, an' 'adn't you better go in to your H'Aunt Lewcy, miss?"

"No," said I.

Mrs. Green glanced at me. Gloomy approval strove upon her countenance with a dignified and grieved reproach.

"I want to hear more about old Mr. Wall," said I.

"Ah, 'ow reckless!" murmured Mrs. Green, pensively. "Wild 'orsis couldn't drag it from me."

"You've said that before," said I.

"Besides, I've told you h'all there is to tell, Miss Meary," said Mrs. Green, rousing herself reproachfully.

"Then tell me all about Mrs. Wall," said I.

Mrs. Green sighed.

"There's a respectabil person, pore soul!" she said. "There's a person as knows what's doo! 'Whatever 'appings, Hemily,' says I to 'er—me goin' down to comfit of 'er this artemnoon—'remember what's doo!' says I. 'Owver difficult, Hemily,' says I to her, firm, 'remember what's doo,' says I—there bein' nothink whatever doo to sech an ole h'immidge, of course," added Mrs. Green, meditatively, "nor could be."

"And did she remember it?" said I.

"Certingly she did," replied Mrs. Green, with firmness.

"How did she manage to?" said I.

"By not rememberin' nothink h'else," replied Mrs. Green.

"As is the h'only way with them as is no more, to say nothin' of a good many as still is."

We looked at each other, reflectively.

"Ah, 'ow well I rekileck the larst time I see pore Wall a-goin' down the villidge street like h'any one of them trips on the advertisement boards in the railway station as says they h'embrace all the principil h'objects of h'interest on t-eir road, though 'ardly likely to mean quite what they says in the way they says it," ejaculated Mrs. Green, in one breath, "which 'e startid 'appy enough with 'is arms round the Jubilee Molument, an' come t in a dreadful manner with 'is arms round the Rector—a thing as was enough to make h'any man sober from shock, 'e 'avin' met 'im on the road, an' the Rector bein' certingly a h'object, of course, if 'ardly of h'interest an' scarcely the sort to be embraced excep' with 'error. 'But whatever 'appings, Hemily,' finished Mrs. Green, with undiminished firmness, "'whatever 'appings,' says I to 'er, 'remember what's doo,' says I."

"It doesn't seem altogether quite truthful, does it?" said I, meditatively.

"Oh! it was trewthful enough," replied Mrs. Green. "I manidged that all right, though I dessay a person with less brains than meself might 'ave found it 'ard. 'What 'ad I better say, Merier?' says Hemily to me, h'anxious. 'I reelly don't see quite what I h'am a-goin' to say,' says she to me, thoughtful. 'You rememberin' what's doo 'owever difficult, Hemily Wall,' says I to 'er, firm, 'you'll say to h'all as come a-comfortin' of you: 'Ho, what a lors I've 'ad!' you'll say to 'em.' An' she did."

Then Mrs. Green paused and once more gazed at me, and I gazed back at her. After a moment, her countenance again relaxing:

"Anythink more trewthful could 'ardly 'ave been," she remarked, with a sigh. "It's what I says meself to all I meets. 'Ah! what a lors we've 'ad,' says I; an' lorst 'e certingly is, thank goodness, there bein' no need to go h'eggplainin' what kind of a lors 'e is, of course, which there's some things a person might be h'almost glad to lose, like a cough or a cold in the 'ead or sech. But they never found out from me that Wall was a cold in the 'ead, 'owever trew," added Mrs. Green, with dignity, "no more than you 'ave yourself, me rememberin' what's doo."

Just at this moment the top window suddenly shot up once more, with even greater vigour than before, and a head shot out.

"Really, Mary," cried a loud, incredulous voice.

In the shock of this second occurrence, Mrs. Green and I, having entirely forgotten the possibility of my Aunt Lucy's continuing to be sudden at a top window, lost our heads. We sprang into the air, and then, with a hurried glance at each other, rushed on our separate ways before we could remember that it was the last thing either of us meant to do.

EVELYNE E. RYND.

GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE.

THE casual tourist, after travelling across the United States, commonly returns with a general impression of vast distances and desolation. What chiefly live in the memory are the rugged wastes of the Rocky Mountains, with their slopes clad with eternal conifers, the bare circular horizons, as in mid-ocean, of the yellow prairies, with barely a suggestion of grey foothills rising dimly in the farthest distance, and the loneliness of the mighty rivers. Even as the traveller passes through the comparatively thickly

settled region of Western New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, eyes attuned to the warmth and comfort of English landscape still find the prospect monotonously cold, with league after league of cornland intersected only by zigzag lines of split-rail fences, or broken now and again by patches of scrub oak and maple groves, near which the grey, weather-beaten, unpainted farm-buildings stand unlovely and forlorn. But the United States holds more than these. Not only in the further South has the vegetation all the luxuriance of the tropics, but all along the Eastern Coast well up to the north of New England the land, after three centuries of settlement and cultivation, is almost homelike to the Englishman. The accompanying photographs show bits of scenery in the States of New Jersey and New York; but they might as well have been taken in New Hampshire or Massachusetts or Vermont, and, looking at them, one can realise how Thoreau came to live the life that he did, and to write "Walden," and how Emerson, almost chief among the poets of the open air, grew to be so confident a Nature-lover: For Nature ever faithful is To such as trust her faithfulness.

Not many English parks can match the beauty of the New Jersey maple wood as we see it climbing up the gently-rising slope in the distance, with the rugged line of rail-fence bringing the eye down to the clump of Black-eye'd Susans in the foreground, as the large yellow daisies are affectionately called all over the United States. It is the maple woods, such as we see in the photograph, which give their incomparable glory to

the autumn tints over a large belt of the Eastern States. Between Northern Maine, where the land is covered with conifers, and Virginia, where the first live oaks are heralds of the tropical abundance of the Southern States, there is a region larger than the British Isles where the maple is the predominating forest tree, constituting the nucleus of the "big woods," as the growths of hard-wood trees are called in many parts of America, in contradistinction to the "little woods," which may stretch for thousands of miles unbroken, of the

soft-habited cedars, tamaracks and other conifers. In autumn the maples flame into every conceivable shade of scarlet and crimson and gold. Possibly the effect is enhanced by clumps of sumach in the open spaces, more crimson still; but, unaided, the maples alone run through such a riot of colours that in the bright sun of the Indian summer the effect is truly bewildering. Special trains, with wide-windowed "observation cars," are run out from the cities through the most favoured maple-covered regions with no other object than that the people may go and see the beauty of the livery in which Nature has clothed herself. It is autumn, or late summer, in another phase that we see in the wide cornfield with the pillared stooks standing like close-placed rows of sentries in the twilight. In the United States no one uses the word "maize"; it is always "corn," *tout court*, not even "Indian corn," and wheat is always "wheat." When the American reads in Macaulay how they gave Horatius "of the cornland that was of public right, as much as two strong oxen could plough from morn to night," it is the image of a maizefield such as we see in the photograph that the words conjure up for him. "Corn" in this sense is a crop of the less Northern States, especially of parts of the West and South-West which are known as the "corn-belt," in opposition to the "wheat-belt" of the further North, particularly of Minnesota and the Dakotas where the hard wheat grows which is ground into the whitest of Minneapolis flours. Corn, in the sense of maize, is eaten in the United States on a scale far beyond any staple of



H. Hendrickson.

"BLACK-EYED SUSANS."

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diet in England, except wheat and potatoes. It is much more universal than oatmeal is with us, from the green corn (usually plain boiled and eaten off the ear with butter and salt), which is now coming to be occasionally obtainable in London through such dishes as "succotash," wherein the kernels separated from the ears are mixed with beans and stewed in milk, to the multitudinous uses of the dried meal from which all manner of corn-bread, corn-cakes, corn-"pones" and corn-biscuits are made, besides, whether alone or mixed with wheat-flour, a number of the "breakfast foods" which have so largely supplanted oatmeal porridge in America.

To hundreds of thousands of Americans, too, the vision of a cornfield, such as is shown in the photograph, conjures up the image of some of the happiest times of their youth; for over large parts of the country corn-huskings or "husking bees" have been rural festivities sanctioned by the practice of centuries. In thinly-settled neighbourhoods where labour is not abundant nor money over-plentiful, the husking bee serves the double purpose of giving occasion for the entertainment of neighbours and also of getting the husking of the crop (*i.e.*, the stripping of the ears of corn of their outer envelopes) done without the importation of costly labour. In the old days (and still it is so in old-fashioned districts) the invitations to a husking bee would go over a wide area and the neighbours for miles around would come on foot, on horseback, or by waggon, whole families together, young men and maidens, fathers, mothers and babies, with, not infrequently, the "hired help" as well. The husking was



H. Hendrickson.

PILLARED STOOKS.

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generally conducted in a large barn where, under the manipulation of many hands, the piles of ears in their pale green outer wrappings were soon transformed into piles of golden yellow. Now and then in almost every field of corn there is an accidental ear on which the kernels are bright red, and a red ear has all the lucky attributes of a four-leaved clover. A girl who in the husking found a red ear in her hands was sure to be married within the twelve-month; the man who found one had the privilege of kissing any of the company that he chose. The business of the evening over, dancing followed on the swept barn floor; then came a good substantial country supper, and dancing again till



H. Hendrickson.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

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far into the night. With the spread of wealth and the growth of cities the corn-husking is going out, precisely as the old village festivities of England keep only precarious foothold here and there to-day. With the husking bee is also vanishing the other simple entertainments of the old generation, such as

"sugaring," when the ostensible object of the gathering was the making of sugar from the sap of the sugar-maples, and "candy-pulling," when the assembled company did by hand, with much romping, the "pulling" of the molasses candy, which now one may see done by ingeniously contrived machinery in many shop windows in the streets of London. These things are disappearing from American life, as the observance of May Day and of the Fifth of November is vanishing from England; but the present generation of Americans grew up largely on the farms and the frontier, and they are not ashamed to remember the delights of the annual huskings when the corn had been brought in. The other two photographs show Nature in a somewhat wilder mood. One is of a still stream flowing smoothly under willows in Westchester County of New York State, a view which might well have been taken in English Cambridgeshire; the other a more turbulent and larger stream, a "creek" (pronounced "crick") they would call it, in New Jersey. Such streams are to be found in thousands all over the United States, except on the absolute prairies, and they are the fishermen's delight, for they are all full of "trout," which, are, however, truly a char. In the section of the country where

this photograph was taken the particular fish would undoubtedly be the speckled brook-trout, *Salmo fontinalis*; and many a fish, some running, perhaps, to 2lb. or 3lb., has probably been pulled out of that broken water on flies thrown from the stones on the right bank. True, this particular part of New Jersey is populous now and too near New York City for

much wild sport. The streams hereabouts are too well fished, unless owned and preserved by a fishing club. For great fishing now one must go West or North; nor in the latter direction need one go far, for many parts of New England are still wild, and just beyond them lies the forest wilderness of

Maine, all reticulated with streams and peppered with lakes in which there is sport to the heart's desire.

The present writer has taken many kinds of fish from many waters in divers countries; but among the best memories of his life will always live some days with the American brook-trout. It was a little north of any of the scenes shown in these photographs that once, having portaged our canoes for some twelve miles, we (one other, the writer and four guides) came to certain lakes known to the guides but seldom visited, on one of which, while the guides made camp, we two went out to catch a fish for supper. We caught it. When, in the course of half-an-hour or so, we each had half-a-dozen gorgeous great black and scarlet two-pounders, we reluctantly paddled to the shore. Next morning we made our way through the passage in the weeds, kept open by the current of the inflowing stream which fed the lake, and, entering the mouth of the stream itself, began to cast. But fishing was a mockery. The instant that a cast of three flies dropped upon the water, no matter where, three trout were hooked, and the swirl of the water told of a dozen that were disappointed. For a few minutes such a game is exciting; but it soon palls. Besides, when three trout, averaging 1lb. in weight, are fighting

on one cast simultaneously, it is likely that one of them will get away with a drop-fly in its mouth, which is not good either for the fisherman or the fish. Had we wished to establish a record of some thousands of fish taken in a day, we could, doubtless, have done it; but we contented ourselves instead with paddling silently up the winding stream, where, again and



H. Hendrickson.

A NEW JERSEY "CREEK."

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again, as we rounded a bend, we surprised the deer come down to drink, and once a black bear standing knee-deep in a shallow (just such a place of ripple and broken water as is shown in the photograph) hesitated, whimpering, until we were within a few yards of it before it turned into the woods.

Once also, some years ago, I spent a holiday in just the region which these pictures illustrate, without gun or rod, but wandering in mere idleness from one village to another. The trip had no other object than to see and to get to know the people of these parts as they lived; so, staying a day or two in one place, making friends with the residents as we sat in the wide verandah of the local inn, or after exploring the country round, I hired a trap and with my bag wandered on to the next town, perhaps ten or twenty miles away. Thus two months passed delightfully in rural New York State and along the borders of Vermont; and the people, like the scenery, are strangely English, little changed in ways of thought or manner of speech from the days when these were English Colonies.

At another time I spent some weeks at an old homestead in the Green Mountains. The head of the house was a farmer, but his sons, who did the farmwork, were Harvard boys; and the family name told that they came in straight descent from a passenger on the Mayflower, and that that passenger had been of better than middle-class English stock. The men of the family are English gentlemen yet. The old man used to delight to drive me round the country, to show me the battlefields where "we whipped you fellows." His grandfather had been killed in the Revolutionary War and his father served in the war of 1812; and I listened to all his stories with such sympathy as I could command. At the end of my visit, as we parted on the railway platform, he said:

"There's one thing I want to know. Why haven't you asked to see any of the other places—the places where you fellows licked us?"

"Because I knew you'd say there weren't any."

"And by gosh! that's just what I was waiting to say." Then, as he looked wistfully into the distance: "But there *are* some, and I'll show them to you next time you come—dang you!"

For the spirit of revolutionary days lives strongly in the elder generation hereabouts; as how should it not when the ground which they till daily is the ground of battlefields, and the marks of bullets still scar the old farm-buildings? And they think of England with a curious mixture of hatred and affection; hatred of the "Britishers," the enemies whom their fathers and grandfathers fought, and a yearning love for what is still "the Old Country," and with sympathy for the casual visitor from which they still find themselves curiously of kin. The Western United States, with its vast distances, its plains and mountain ranges, is a foreign land to Englishmen. It never was English. Once France established a shadowy claim over it, and once by proclamation, after we won Canada, we affected to include it in the British possessions; but we knew nothing of the country, and no English foot trod it until after it was part of the domain of the United States. But these Eastern States are different. They were English Colonies for a century and a-half. The men were Englishmen who settled these valleys, who grew the first crops, who first of white men drew the sap from the maple trees, caught the first fish in these streams with rod and line, and built the old homesteads in the wildernesses which were yet so like home. Looking at these photographs, we can understand how they loved and clung to this land. They gave the familiar English names to the birds and flowers of the country—"robin" and "blackbird" and "cowslip," which are not the robins and blackbirds and cowslips which we know—and in doing so told how they carried the love of the Old Country to their new homes. And still the Englishman feels at home here as nowhere else outside the dominions of the King.

H. P. R.

STONE-CURLEWS IN WILTSHIRE.

IN the course of a brief visit to the Wiltshire down country, I heard from various sources reports of the presence of stone-curlews in the neighbourhood. A shepherd, however, told me that he had seen one pair this spring, and that "a year or two ago" eggs had been laid close to a sheepfold on the down, and had been "folded in" with hurdles, so that they should not be disturbed. At last I encountered a cheery, good-looking young rustic, who was killing time during his dinner-hour by hunting for late birds' nests. Him I questioned, and learnt, to my delight, that only the previous evening he had seen, he said, six or seven stone-curlews on a hill some three miles distant, and "there be thunder comin', sir, for they was flyin' round and whistlin' like mad." Here was good news indeed; so accordingly the next evening, after the thunder-storm which my friend had predicted had duly arrived and passed away,

I started on my expedition. Following the track of a rough and grass-grown "drove-way," where the slippery, rain-washed chalk rendered walking neither easy nor pleasant, I rounded at last a shoulder of the downs and entered a narrow little valley or pass branching off to right and left, and shut in by hills steeper and more rugged than those I had just passed. In front was a great wood, and on the left that Stony Hill which was said to be the home of the stone-curlews. It looked bleak and inhospitable enough, in all conscience; while higher up the scanty herbage struggled to maintain a precarious existence, almost overwhelmed by a flinty outcrop. Scattered here and there were bushes and trees of stunted growth—thorn and yew, oak and hazel, elder and birch.

At the very top of the hill a weird whistling cry sounded, and a strange bird, with great wings, flew low between the bushes; then another and another rose, till at least six of them were sailing over the tree-tops and circling round the hill, filling the air with their cries. Seen through my field-glasses they were splendid, utterly unlike the queer-looking, colourless creatures that book illustrations and photographs had taught me to expect. Their wings, curved like a seagull's, showed vivid black and white, in strong contrast with the brown of the bodies and extended necks. One bird overhead—an anxious mother, perhaps, with a baby squatting somewhere on the ground not far away—cried piteously. I gave an answering whistle, which seemed to deceive her, for she came quite near and flew round and over me; but quickly realising her mistake, a sudden fine swerve of wings carried her far away. Not until fast-gathering clouds warned me that it were wise to go could I tear myself away, and long after the stone-curlews' haunt had been left behind, their musical, mournful whistlings followed me as I trudged homeward in the dusk. Determined to see more of these fascinating birds, I set off again next morning for Stony Hill. Among the rabbit burrows a wheatear's evident distress attracted my attention, and soon a marauding stoat came bounding along the hillside, occasionally stopping to examine the burrows. The wheatear meanwhile, joined presently by its mate, made futile little dashes at the stoat, which treated the harmless attacks with supreme contempt. By and by the stoat saw me and darted into a rabbit hole. Advancing cautiously, I saw the wicked head peer up at me from the hole and instantly vanish; with metal more attractive ahead, I did not wait for the bloodthirsty little pirate to reappear, but left him to his evil courses. On reaching the hilltop, a stone-curlew cried and flew slowly away, and presently two more followed. Hoping that there might be young ones near and that the birds would return, I hid myself under a big bush and awaited developments. For some minutes all was quiet; then something happened which, between delight and astonishment, fairly made me hold my breath. Flying very low over the shoulder of the hill, a peregrine falcon appeared heading straight for my hiding-place, swept past me on rapid, buoyant wings, not 50 ft. from where I lay, and, rising higher and higher over the distant trees, was soon out of sight. In my efforts to follow the superb falcon's flight as far as possible, I wriggled from under my protecting bush, and in doing so probably disturbed the stone-curlews, for a very long period of waiting followed. At last, over the brow of the hill one came into view, advancing with rapid little runs. Now I was able to note how utterly unlike a stone-curlew on the ground is to the same bird in the air. The folded wings give no hint of the striking effect they produce when spread in flight; indeed, this was merely a rather singular, dull-coloured creature, with yellow legs and yellow eyes. Its head and neck stretched forward, it came running on, now halting a moment to throw up its head and utter a desolate cry, then sitting down on the flinty soil with only the erect head and neck visible, and the great, queer-looking yellow eyes very prominent. Sitting thus, and opening its mouth to send forth a frequent cry, the bird's strange appearance was enhanced by the blackness of its wide-opened bill. Then it would rise, give a distinctive plover-like jerk of head and body, with sometimes a convulsive downward jerk of the tail, and, with head stretched out, run on again. Once it found, and stopped to devour, some large insect in its path. While watching this bird, I became aware of a plaintive little cry, apparently proceeding from a lush close behind me; but though I twisted myself round until I ached, nothing was to be seen, and presently the sound ceased. The first stone-curlew was still in sight, and was now followed by a second, which I took to be a male, for the black and white margins to the wings (which were visible as the birds came nearer) seemed, perhaps, a little larger than in the other bird. This second arrival was silent, and, following its mate along the hillside, they both disappeared over the brow. Then the little cry from the bush behind me was renewed, and, turning round incautiously, the two birds heard me and took to flight. Now the cause of their distress was made clear. On the ground, a few yards away, was a tiny young stone-curlew, coming towards me with head up, uttering the cry which I had heard just before and could not locate. Unknown to me, the little creature must have been close by all through my vigil. As I moved, it

instantly squatted down full length and remained motionless, harmonising so well with the flints on which it lay that, on taking my eyes off it for a moment, it was not easy to find again. I took the quaint little thing in my hand, where it lay perfectly still, only the open eyes betraying any sign of life. It was covered with a sandy grey down, almost woolly in texture, two parallel black lines running down the back. From one of its shoulders, by some misadventure, the downy coating had been rubbed off. The parents' anxious cries had been going on all

this time, so, not wishing any longer to disturb the interesting little family, I gently put down the frightened nestling and moved off. The old birds rose at once and flew away, giving me another opportunity of admiring the black and white of their outspread wings. My time being short, I was compelled to give up the hope of seeing the meeting between reunited mother and child, and left the anxious birds in peace, well satisfied with the result of my first attempt to make their acquaintance.

J. RUDGE HARDING.

THE BACK-END TROUT.



A. H. Robinson.

A WEED-FRINGED LAKE.

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TO the angler who concentrates all his joys within the narrow limits of the May-fly rise, and accounts all else unworthy of his fly fishing attention, the trout season—a few brief days in June—must, surely, appear as little more than a detached incident in the rural calendar—an annual spasm of midsummer madness on the part of the trout, to be taken due advantage of and regarded by the fisherman with a conservative pride akin to that of the American lady who, in response to the casual remark of an English fellow-traveller, “Oh, Boston? Boston?—Boston’s in America, isn’t it?” retorted severely, “Sir, Boston is America!” To the exclusive angler of the class indicated the “May-fly Carnival” is trout-fishing, regardless of all the sporting possibilities that precede it or the delightful probabilities that the waning summer still holds in store after the passing of the green drake. During a normal season and on an English May-fly river, fly-fishing for trout undoubtedly reaches its zenith in that mad and merry fortnight in June when the dainty drake dances on gauzy wing in fairy clouds over the streams, wherein the fish, rioting in gastronomic ecstasy, lose more than half their caution and take the mimic fly with a reckless readiness at other times conspicuous

by its absence. With the end of the May-fly rise, however, in some rivers comes a quick change. As though nauseated by satiety, the trout steadily refuse surface food, and all through the summer blaze of July and the greater part of August the brazen sun beats down upon the listless pools and the attenuated streams. Only in that magic half-hour between the gloaming and the gloom, fishing with a big sedge or a coachman, may the angler hope to snatch a brace or two of big trout from the darkening stream. There is that in the situation which always recalls to the writer Mark Twain’s effort to cure his cold by acting upon a friend’s advice that it was policy “to feed a

cold and starve a fever.” Mark had both. So he determined to fill himself up thoroughly for the cold, “and then keep dark and let the fever starve a while.” Having gorged themselves with the May-fly, the trout keep dark and starve for quite a long while as far as surface feeding in the daytime is concerned. Even on the moorland, stony-bottomed rivers, where the green drake is absent, a similar state of things obtains. On these rollicking upland streams the stone-fly, appearing in profuse numbers during the latter part of May and the first few days in June, supplies to the



W. Carter Platt

FISHING THE UP-STREAM WORM IN THE NORTH.

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A. H. Robinson.

THE TELL-TALE DIMPLE.

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trout the means for that annual gorge which Charles Kingsley likened to the clodhopper's Whitsun club-feast, after which debauch they display, though, perhaps, to a less marked degree, the same summer apathy to the fly as their Lowland brothers. During this period the North Country angler philosophically coils up his fly-cast, and, replacing it with 3yds. of fine-drawn gut, baits the Pennell tackle at the end of it with a juicy dew-worm, and fishes up-stream with all the stealth and precision of the dry-fly man, finding sport in the thin edges of the low, bright rippling currents. But the description of this fascinating and skilful method of trout-fishing is another story, to be told at a more appropriate time.

Now, though the fly-fisher's trout season may shine with its brightest glory while the May-fly is "up," to be followed by temporary eclipse, it breaks out once more into a sporting after-glow before the trout reaches the legal time of safety; and of late years, when the chief characteristic of the May-fly rise has been its failure, the back-end fly-fishing has produced, in many instances, far more sport than in what should have been the height of the season. Alike on the merry moorland river and on the lazily sliding chalk stream, the trout shakes off his summer somnolence with the decline of August, and all through September indulges his returning fancy for a fly diet before the propagatory instinct calls him to the spawning-beds. Like the smouldering taper that breaks into flame for an instant ere it is completely extinguished, the dying trout season bursts into a final flare of compensating brilliance before it expires by legal enactment on

shot clean under the boat and is still going strong! Instant action only can circumvent the manoeuvre. Down, deep in the water, plunges the point of the rod, holding the line clear from fouling the boat's bottom, while the gillie, with a stroke of the oars, makes the combat into a straight fight again, and a minute later a fine three-pounder, having already proved himself in the pink of back-end fighting fettle, turns up his gleaming side, and later upholds with equal success his claim to prime culinary condition. On the moorland streams the summer scientific worm-fisher has restored his Pennell tackle to his fly-book, and re-mounted his three or four fly cast of spider hackles or "bumbles," using frequently the same patterns that served him well in spring when the early duns were hatching out. A rousing flood has swept away the entanglements of flannel weed and aquatic growth that choked the tinkling streams of a month back, and having spent its turbid fury, has run itself down to a point where it is still a few inches above normal level and of that sherry tint which "aids the guile" and hides the gut. Stirred by the freshet, the fish lie poised in mid-stream, under the tangled banks, in the circling eddies where the prancing current dodges this way and that round the upstanding boulders spotted with tawny lichens, at the foaming heads of the pools where the galloping rapids pour in their white broken water over the rocky ledges into the deeps, in the "hang" of the stream where the rippling glides gather themselves in a glassy rush for their plunge down the rocky stairway below—everywhere the trout are waiting for the insect goods the gods may send.

Upward and across, from the bank or wading thigh-deep, the angler flicks his gossamer cast carrying its leash of tiny flies, and now a little dimple, or, again, a distinct plop! or, anon, it may be no more than the fleeting flash of a golden side glancing among the curling water, is instantaneously responded to with a rapid strike. Here the sudden tension results in a miss, there is a fish turned over and lost. What does really happen when a trout rises short, I wonder? However, there is a rise yonder, and this time the hook fastens, and a frantic half-pounder is madly careering and somersaulting, beel and toe, head over tail, tear and tumble, down the very centre of the rough current, like an aquatic teetotum, to be played out and drawn to the landing-net in the slacker water below. The fun may not be so fast and furious as it was during that crowded hour in late April, when the iron-blue dun came on in thick flotillas, and when for a time nearly every yard of water was aboil with feeding fish; but all through the September day fish may be basketed at intervals just long enough to sustain a proper appreciation of the sport of catching them, while the fact that grayling, having come into condition, are beginning to rise



A. H. Robinson. THE LITTLE GINGER-QUILL FALLS ON THE WATER. Copyright.

to the fly adds the charm of variety to the back-end dish. Equally, but in its distinctive way, sport has improved on the dry-fly river, though the angler's lures are now very different from those he employed in the heyday of the May-fly glut. The strong gut and big flies are exchanged for delicate casting-lines and tiny quills dressed on oo and ooo hooks. With line greased and fly anointed the dry-fly man spies the tell-tale dimple on the slowly-gliding reach and craftily stalks his fish until he is within casting distance. A couple of false throws measure the distance; lightly the little ginger-quill falls upon the water not a yard above the spot where the fish last rose, it "cocks" beautifully and sails down like a thing of life. Now it is all but over the nose of the feeding trout. Will he have it? The hand tightens its grip of the butt, the muscles tense for an immediate strike. The tiny voyager floats unmolested by, and the trout leisurely helps himself to a natural a foot away. Again the ginger-quill floats seductively past the neb of the trout and—he sucks down another natural. Evidently he is in a critical mood and has no tooth for a ginger-quill. Off it comes and on goes a "little Marryat" in its place. Full 3ft. above the feeding trout drops the new fly, and scarcely has it touched water when a grayling has it with an upward flash; and though, of course, the trout is put down, a handsome 2lb. thymallus comes to bank after a twisting, jig-jigging fight. Never mind! Here is another trout—evidently a good fish—steadily rising in the pool by the old sluice. At the second time of asking he has the "little Marryat" and a stubborn contest ensues, in which the tackle is strained to the utmost in keeping the determined struggler out of, successively, the weeds and the old piles, before he is netted out. And so, with many a reverse and many a triumph, goes the tale of the back-end trout, providing delightful memories to carry the fly-fisher over the close season to another spring.

W. CARTER PLATTS.

THE RECOVERY.

I WAS sitting outside my caravan on the green side of a sloping cliff by the little cove whither the fates had led my steps, when I was aware, for the third time that day, of a vacant, wandering, purposeless figure drifting past me towards the cove. It was a woman of about fifty, feckless and forlorn-looking, with thin sandy hair, thin body, thin face—the very ghost of a personality. It was fifteen years since I had been there, and then every person in the tiny hamlet had been familiar to me—many of them still were—but this solitary creature I could not place. In response to my salutation she drifted towards me, and after some conversation I called to mind a tragedy that had reached the ears of the outside world from this remote corner some years before, and asked her for the particulars.

"The man who was drowned for three hours? Why, my husband, lady, Sam Salter. Oh yes, lady, everybody knows him and me hereabouts. I never shall forget that day, lady, never, so long as I fetches my breath! You see, he was going to take out a party pleasuring in his boat—a lady and gentleman and two others as had just come down from London and put up at the Rudder Hotel. Ah, a fine-looking gentleman he was, too, and a beautiful colour he had as he came out and nodded to me—all in his glee in the morning. And down they all went to the shore—oh, my heavens! I shall never forget it, lady—and went off in Sam's boat, the Lovely Jane, what was named after me. And we don't know, lady, if the gentleman had some sort of a fit or not, but after a bit, 'Let me row,' he says, and got up, and fell right over the ledge of the boat. Oh, my heavens! the boat went down and they was all drowned, lady! And another boat saw them and came and got them in one after another, and the boat was full, and they tied my husband's body to a rope and dragged he after the boat, face downwards in the water, as fast as they could to shore, which was a little squinny sort of a beach, lady, right round there among the rocks that you could only look down from the cliffs upon. And there was a lady there, and she looked at Sam.

"I believe this one's alive," she says, and though no one believed her, she left her dead around her on the beach and worked Sam's arms up and down. And between you and me, lady, she took off all her under clothes, yes, her flannel petticoat

and all, and wrapped around him and worked at him alone for two hours. And some of 'em had run for help, and at the end of two hours down comes a gentleman what had so many ounces of brandy in a bottle, and he poured it down Sam's throat; and then down comes a doctor, and he turned up his fair white shirt-sleeves and he set to work at Sam, and if you'll believe me, lady, at the end of three hours the life was given back to 'un.

"Let me die," he says, 'let me die,' over and over again; but they was that brave they wouldn't give in. And oh! the water that poured out of his mouth—because of the thirst that was on 'un—the salt thirst what he'd swallowed, lady, you'd never believe; and his lungs was that scarified with the salt he've had pomonia every winter since. And I came down to the cove.

"What's all this about; a boating accident?" I says.

"Boating accident?" she says. 'Your husband's so dead as a rag and a doornail,' she says, 'and four others with 'un!'

"Oh, my heavens! I thought I should have dropped through the earth! But those ladies what had compassion upon me, they wouldn't let me go up atop o' rocks—they went themselves to look down upon 'em. And after a bit they brought 'un round to the cove, and laid 'un down in the lifeboat-house a goodish while before the doctor would let 'un be took home. Yes, lady, you must have seen 'un down 'pon beach—the man with the mark under his eye, where they stuck the boat-hook into 'un a-getting of 'un out. And they sent down to Sandmouth, lady, for a tug to heave the boat up, and oh, my heavens! I can't tell nobody what I felt when her masts began to come up out of the



A. H. Robinson.

TRYING A HATCH-HOLE.

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water—I wep' like a child. And they took her down to Sandmouth and repaired her, and painted her up gay and brought her home, and the ladies here put flowers upon her and christened her The Recovery. But it weren't no use, lady; I couldn't let 'un go out in her again, and his sight so bad, and his lungs that scarified, and we got dreadful poor and he sold her. And now he don't go far from shore. He have a few lobster pots, and I does what I can, and if 'twasn't for me we couldn't get on at all, and I can't let 'un out of my sight long. I be always going along they cliffs to keep my eye upon 'un, poor soul, and I often and often thinks upon it, lady, and how they went off 'all in their glee in the morning an I came back corpses."

The thin, metallic voice ceased, the vacant blue eyes stared away into the distance, and, after a moment, as I pressed something into her hand—

"Oh, God bless you for a kind heart! Good afternoon, lady." She wandered away, the wind apparently drifting her, like any other derelict, whither it would.

The next day on the beach I asked my favourite fisherman, "What happened to The Recovery after Sam Salter sold her?"

He pointed out a big old sailing-boat high up on the shingle. "That's the one, ma'am," he said, "but it don't do to talk about it. Too many people know the story now and think she is unlucky. She's very little used now, and she'll fall to pieces, for people are afraid to go out in her. Her name—her last name I mean—you'll notice, has been painted out now. But there's no luck for the poor old Lovely Jane what was renamed The Recovery."

E. A. RAMSDEN.



THOUGH Easton Neston is a separate parish, its great house has long been the squire's seat of Towcester town. Towcester lies a few miles south of Northampton, and through it the Watling Street runs as its chief highway. It is lined by comfortable houses of ancient aspect, among which, refaced and renewed, are the inns for which the town has been famous since mediæval times. But if we drop off the main street and the market-place towards the east, we enter into lanes of humbler houses which end with a branch of the Towe River dividing Towcester town from Neston Park. Here, in the middle of the fifteenth century, in his cottage which stretched goft. down Mill Lane and zoft. along Park Lane dwelt Peter Empson, sieve-maker, and his boy, Richard, was able to look out from the paternal doorway on to the broad acres that were eventually to be his. How Richard Empson got his education in the law and started on his profitable career we do not know, but ten years before Henry VII. was king he was already buying small parcels of land in the neighbourhood. Later on, he attracted the notice of Sir Reginald Bray, a member of a Northamptonshire family and himself a large landowner there. Bray is described to us as a statesman and an architect. He was certainly one of

Henry VII.'s most capable advisers, and perhaps he was also the designer of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. When, in 1492, he added Edgcote to his other possessions, Richard Empson acted as one of his trustees, and it was soon after this that Empson, in connection with Edmund Dudley, became Henry VII.'s chief financier. Henry knew by hard experience that it was the emptiness of the Royal exchequer that had weakened the Royal power, and enabled the great barons to levy war and to indulge in the making and the unmaking of kings. By filling that exchequer he saw that he could prevent any recurrence of the Roses' War. But Parliamentary taxation was not much developed in those days, and the House of Commons was chary of granting subsidies and fifteenths, nor did these produce very much when granted. There were, however, endless half-obsolete Royal rights and legal claims, which, in the hands of men trained to the law and hardened to unpopularity, might be made very profitable. Dudley and Empson undoubtedly did not stick at trifles; they filled the exchequer and also their own pockets. Thus it happened that ere the fifteenth century closed, Richard Empson had become the great man of the town in which his father had made sieves. He acquired the lordship of the manor and of the hundred of Towcester. He bought great estates in the county



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PART OF THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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NORTH AND EAST FRONTS.

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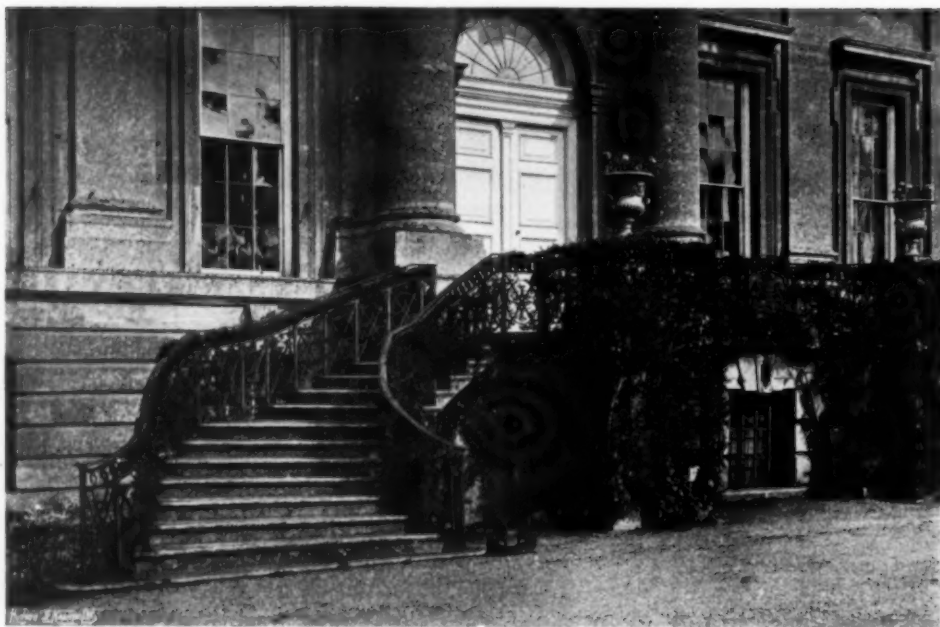
of Northampton, and among them Easton Neston, which had been the property of the Greens of Norton. At Easton Neston he established himself, and in 1499 he obtained licence to empark the land and crenellate the house. His prosperity was complete, but it hung on a thread. That thread was Henry VII.'s life, and it snapped in 1509. When Henry VIII. came to the throne he was delighted to have the spending of the £1,800,000 which Dudley and Empson had got

together for his father; but unpopular tax-gatherers were inconvenient and might well be sacrificed to popular rancour. In 1510 Richard Empson was beheaded on Tower Hill for treason which he did not commit. By his attainder his estates were forfeited, and Sir William Compton from neighbouring Althorpe got a grant of Easton Neston and most of the other Northamptonshire estates. Henry VIII., however, probably felt that, though he had conveniently given way to the popular cry, yet the sacrifice of Empson was not quite justifiable. When, therefore, time had stilled the general outcry, Thomas Empson obtained restitution of his father's chief seat and other lands and lordships. He does not seem, however, to have been able to afford to hold them comfortably, and so he

made an arrangement to sell them while yet retaining their use as long as he was childless and the right to repurchase them if an heir to his body were born. This arrangement he made with one William Fermor, as the deeds show, but William clearly made it on behalf of his brother Richard.

The Fermors seem to have called themselves Ricards in their old Welsh home, but to have become Fermors when they moved into Oxfordshire in the fifteenth century. The father of Richard

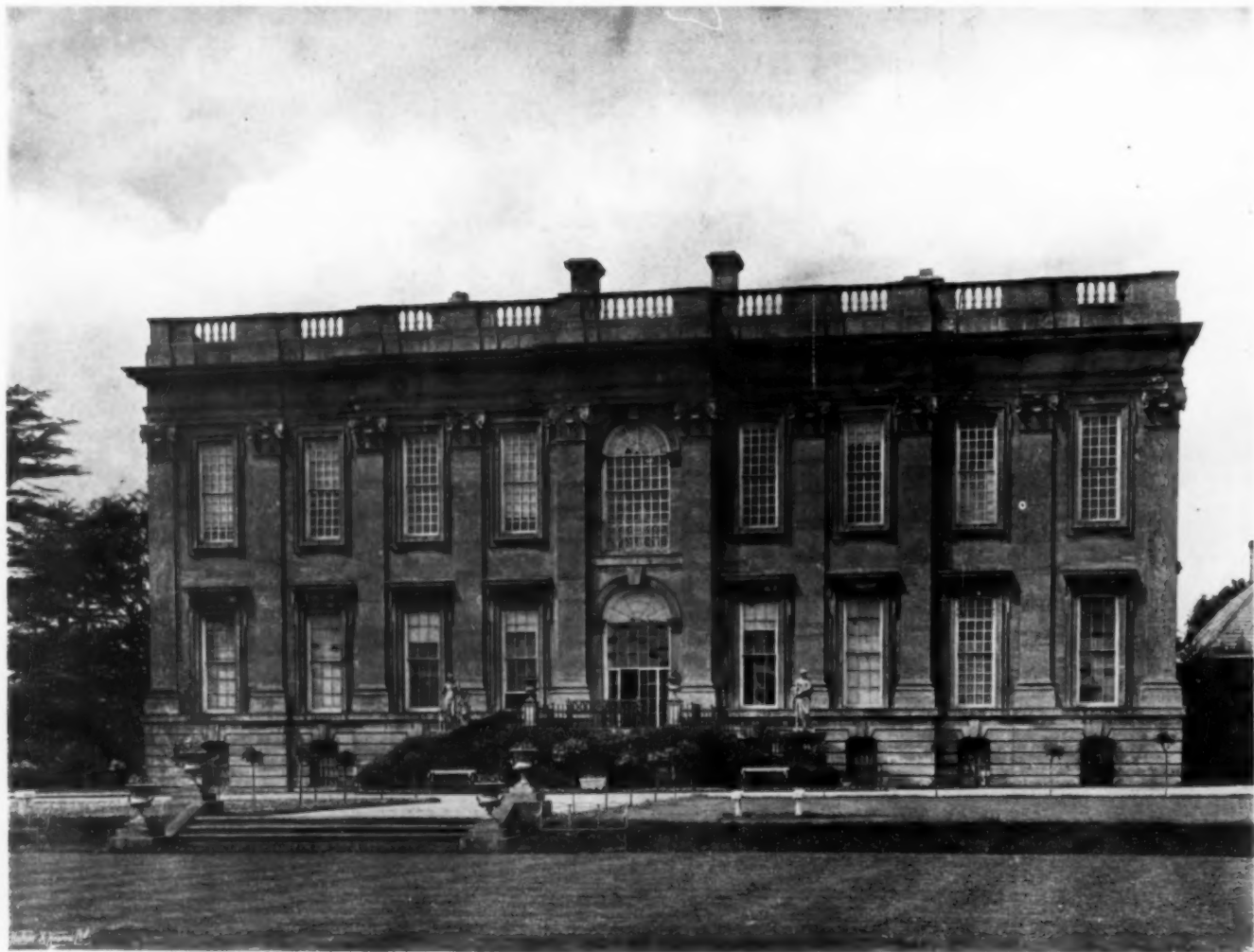
and of William had been of Witney, then a famous clothier town, and had married the widow of Henry Wenman, a rich clothier, whose son obtained a peerage and Thame Park through his alliance with the daughter of that great acquirer of monastic plunder Lord Williams. William Fermor remained in Oxfordshire and was seated at Somerton, near the Northamptonshire border, but his brother Richard went into trade and prospered. He is described as a grocer, but also traded largely in wheat, silk and other commodities. He obtained licence to import wheat from and to export wool to Flanders. He had business relations with Italy, which he visited, and while there he was of financial assistance to Wolsey's agent, who was trying to obtain a reversion of the Papacy for his



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WEST DOOR.

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EAST OR GARDEN FRONT.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WEST OR ENTRANCE FRONT.

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master. He was, therefore, favoured at Court, became very rich and began buying land in Norfolk and Suffolk in 1512. It was in 1527 that his brother William arranged for the purchase of Easton Neston, and eight years after, on Thomas Empson's death without heir, he came into possession of that property. He seems to have made it the place of his principal residence, living there splendidly and hospitably and keeping a great house and large retinue, including even that almost

Royal luxury, a jester. But he made the mistake of adhering to the ancient religion and so became suspect to Thomas Cromwell. In 1540 his confessor, Nicholas Thayne, was imprisoned in Buckingham Castle, and Richard Fermor paid him a visit there and gave him eight pence and two shirts. For this he was dragged before the Council, declared to have incurred a *præmunire*, and all his goods and estates were forfeited and he himself committed to the Marshalsea, though he soon got his release and was allowed to retire to the parsonage of Wappenham near Easton.

His jester had been the well-known Will Somers, who passed into the service of the King and appears in the picture of the school of Holbein with Henry VIII. and his family in the centre now at Hampton Court. Somers used the privileges of his position to urge the pardon of his late master. Henry, however, does not seem to have relented until he was in his last illness, and Edward VI. had mounted the throne before Easton Neston and a portion of Richard Fermor's



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THE WILDERNESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

former estates were restored to him. He had only enjoyed his return home for two years when he died suddenly at Easton Neston in 1552, and was there buried. His son, Sir John, knight, sheriff and member of Parliament, married the daughter of his neighbour, Lord Vaux of Harrowden, and died in 1571, leaving his estates to his son, Sir George, who was with the Earl of Leicester fighting in the Netherlands and was there knighted by him. The old house—probably that which Empson had built—lay low down by the river. Sir George's great grandson thought it only fit to pull down at the end of the seventeenth century; but at its beginning it was deemed a place fit for Royal entertainment. On hearing of Elizabeth's death, James of Scotland had hurried to London to assume the English Crown. His wife, Anne of Denmark, and his eldest son, Henry, followed in leisurely fashion. On June 25th, 1603, they reached Althorpe, where Sir Richard Compton, who was to be made a peer the next month, entertained them with one of Ben Jonson's masques. On the 27th they went on to Easton Neston, and there King James met them. An immense concourse was gathered together to witness the Royal meeting, and the country-side could "scarcely lodge the infinite company of lords and ladies and other people," so that all the local gentlemen, such as the Knightleys at Fawsley, filled their houses with company. Many became knights while the King was at Easton Neston, and among those who received



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GARDEN PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

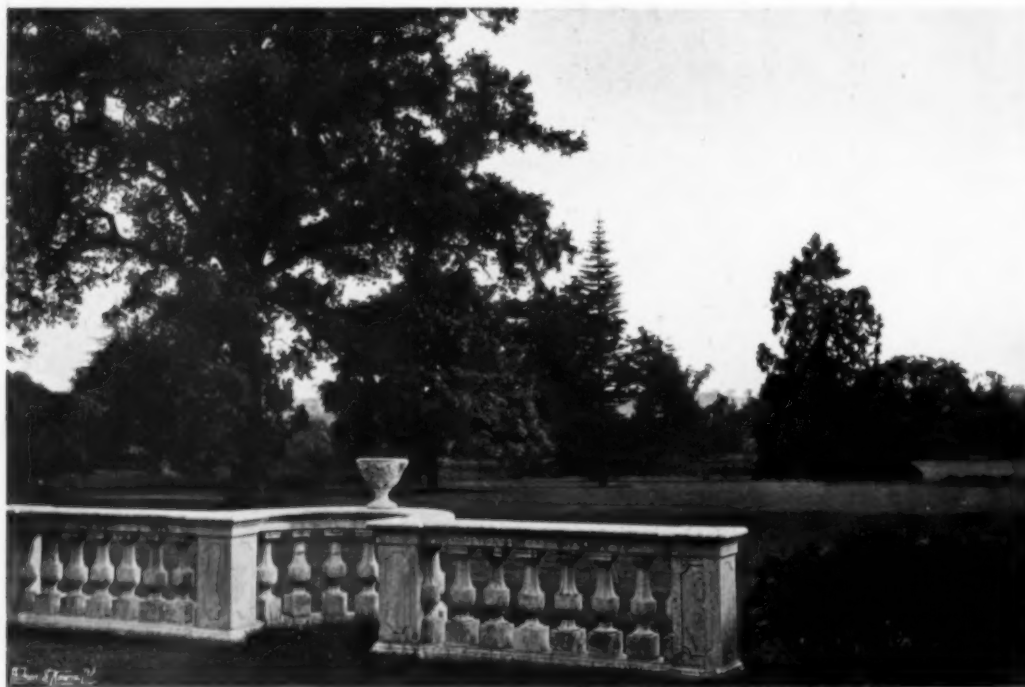


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CHAIN LODGE.

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the sword stroke was Hatton Fermor, who followed his father in possession in 1612. He escaped the civil troubles by dying in the same year that King Charles was compelled to call together the Long Parliament. But his son, William, who was then just entering upon manhood, warmly espoused the Royal cause, was made a baronet when he came of age in 1641, commanded a troop of horse for the King and suffered sequestration when the Parliamentarians were victorious. He accepted the new régime, and compounded, in 1645, for £1,400. He was, however, still a suspect, and was twice summoned to appear before the Council, though he succeeded in clearing himself. This treatment did not teach him to love the Commonwealth, and in May, 1660, he was of the Privy Council that recalled Charles II. In 1661 he was a member of the loyal Parliament, was knighted at the coronation, and a brilliant future was opening for him when he was struck down, apparently by small-pox, and died "at the house of Mr. Hill, a tailor, at the sign of the Lyon's Head in Covent Garden." His death, at the age of forty-one, put a lad of thirteen into possession of an ample fortune, which the Civil Wars had not materially impaired and which an eight years' minority now increased. The second baronet, therefore, was in a financial position which enabled him to aim at additional honours and a grander habitation. He married at the age of twenty-three, but eighteen months later found himself a widower; and before he took a second wife, in 1782, he seems to have decided on abandoning the old house and, following the lead of his great neighbour, the Duke of Montagu, who was at work on his palace at Boughton, on building himself a fashionable classic



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EAST LAWN.

house to be surrounded by parterres and terraces, avenues and canals. Wiser than the Duke who retained the old low and cup-like site of Boughton, Sir William Fermor determined to abandon the ancient house below the church and begin anew above it, where his windows and terraces might dominate the large scheme of formal planting and laying out which was to stretch widely over the land which Richard Empson had emparked. But if his ideas of living were spacious, so was his view of time. For a score of years he seems to have been satisfied with two detached wings, and another century had opened before a centre was built. At some moment when Charles II. was still reigning, he employed Sir Christopher Wren to make designs, and letters of his are preserved at Easton Neston. One simple but well-proportioned wing of red brick with stone dressings and of single-storey height, lying north of the entrance front of the house, remains as an example of what Sir Christopher meant to have built. But when William III. was King Sir William's ideas, and probably also his purse, had expanded, and he started again on an altogether grander scale. In the interval he had found himself, for the second time, a childless widower, and in 1792 he took, as a third wife, a lady who was well calculated to assist her husband in enlarging his social horizon. She was the daughter of a man who had himself got on. Starting as Sir Thomas Osborne, he had been Charles II.'s unpopular Tory Minister under the title of Lord Danby, and whose services as one of the Whig leaders who brought William III. to the throne had been rewarded with the Dukedom of Leeds. Through him, his son-in-law became Lord Lempster soon after the marriage and the building of Easton

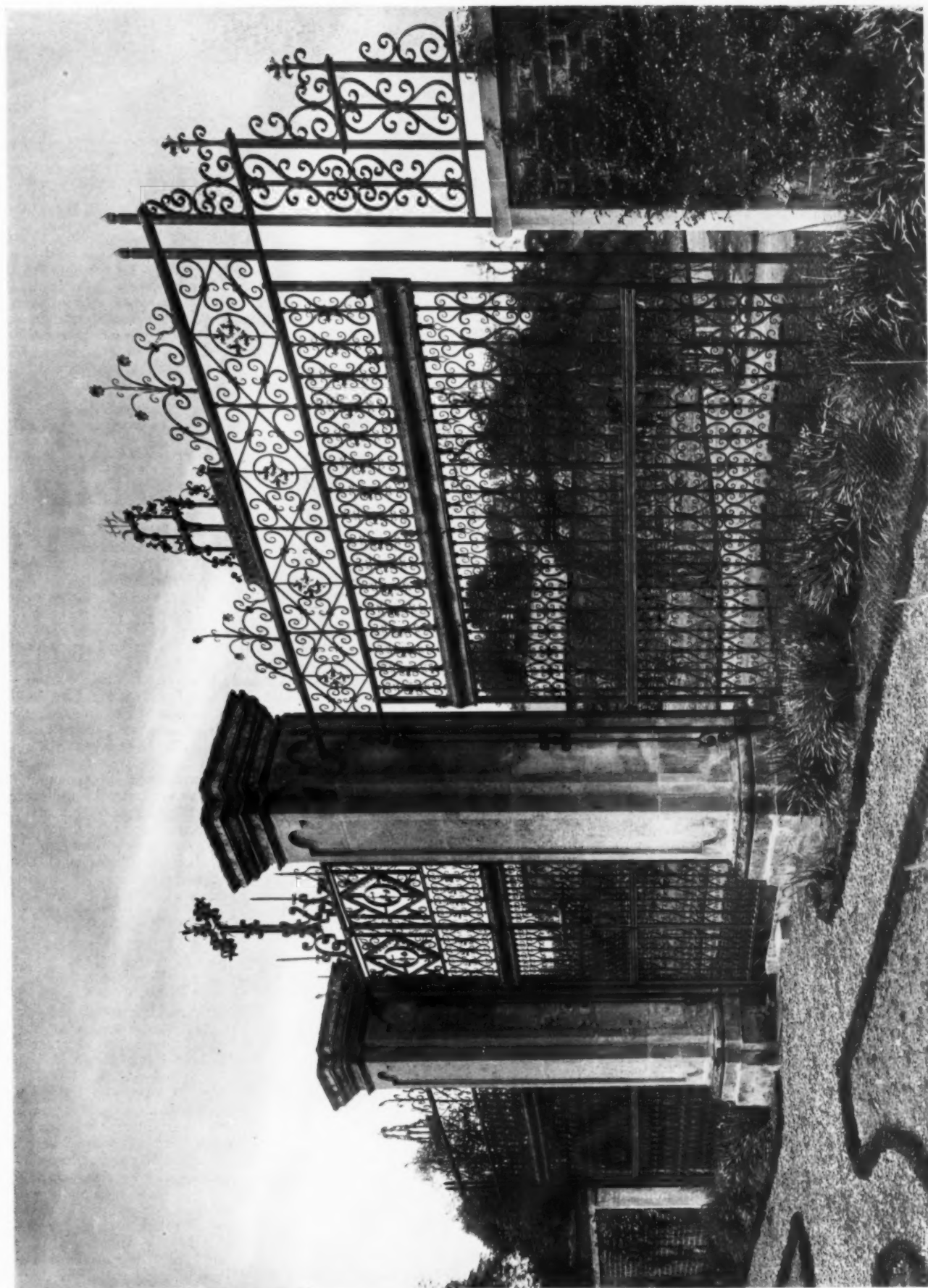
Neston was taken up in earnest. Sir Christopher was now too busy a man to see to the building of far-distant country houses, and so, at his instigation no doubt, the new planning was entrusted to his chief assistant. Nicholas Hawksmoor was born when the Restoration had given a start to Sir Christopher's career as an architect. At the age of eighteen he became the great man's "scholar and domestic clerk" and, soon, his understudy at Winchester Palace and St. Paul's Church and at the hospitals of Chelsea and Greenwich. It was while thus employed that he became Lord Lempster's architect. If his patron's ideas were large, his own were larger still, and his complete scheme was never carried out. Plan and elevation appear in Campbell's "Vitruvius Britannicus," where we are told that the house "is all of very good stone and is the ingenious invention of Mr. Hawksmoor who supplied the drawings." In the plan, the central block, which remains much as Hawksmoor designed and built it, looks but a small thing. It lay at the bottom of a forecourt 300ft. deep and which commenced with lofty screens, colonnades and a triumphal arch. Wren's wings are gone, and in their place are quadrangles, whose fronts to the forecourt are several storeys in height and have columned porticoes in their centre. The whole width of building was to be 320ft., of which the existing central block takes up but 100ft. Of this, a great cupola, which appears on the drawn elevation here reproduced, was never carried out. Rising in the centre, it was to be supported all round the parapet by statues. These were actually placed there, and were part of the great collection of antique marbles collected by the Earl of Arundel early in the seventeenth century, and of which the

greater portion were sold, half a century after his death, to Lord Lempster for £300. The story of their removal to Oxford will be referred to later. While they were at Easton Neston they were the most important part of its adornment, both inside and outside, and those on the parapet, in conjunction with the intended cupola, afforded to the great square house that adequate skyline which is at present conspicuously lacking. In every other respect, the house remains a notable example of our Palladian style with strongly-marked individual characteristics. Its material is of the finest, and such as appealed strongly to a writer on natural history, for Morton says of it in 1712: "Easton, my Lord Lempster's House, is built of a fair white and durable stone from Helmdon, which is freer from an admixture of yellowish Spots than is that of Kilton and is indeed the finest building stone I have seen in England." The main elevations—the entrance or west side and the garden or east side—exhibit great

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Corinthian pilasters springing from a well-raised rusticated basement and supporting an entablature with a boldly projecting cornice. Between the pilasters is a double tier of windows with good architraves. The central feature is narrow and carries no pediment. But the windows here are larger and arched, and on the entrance side are flanked by columns in place of pilasters, and the slight projection thus obtained is topped above the cornice with an achievement of arms. On the garden side the arrangement is flatter and simpler; but on the frieze of the entablature is the inscription "A.D. SAL. MDCCII.," the date of the completion of the exterior. The entirely satisfying appearance of the upper part of the east front should be noted. It results from the retention of the original sash-barring, which has been removed for thinner and wholly inappropriate stuff in the case of many of the other windows.

The architects of the age of Charles II. and Queen Anne used a special size of pane and thickness of sash-bar as an integral and important part of their design. To replace them by larger panes and thinner bars, or, worse still, by large sheets of plate glass, is to destroy the whole spirit of the design and wreck a complete and duly-balanced example of a fine architectural style. Yet in how many cases did the nineteenth century commit this Vandal's act and glory in it! A well-modelled curved stairway with iron balustrade, arranged so as not to darken the basement, gives access on to the west front, while to the east a more important one, with fine lead figures behind it, admits from the house to the terrace. Thence was obtained a prospect of the whole of the formal lay-out, of which enough remains to give an



COUNTRY LIFE.

SPANISH IRONWORK.

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idea of its scheme and extent. To the north the ground still rises, and the garden-house, here illustrated, which seems rather too early in style to be the work of Wren or Hawksmoor, stands on a higher terrace and has a long woodland walk terminated by a statue behind it; but on all other sides the ground slopes from the house. To the west lay great parterres and below them a broad green vista flanked by trees sloped down to a canal 800 yds. in length and of great width. Beyond that the ground rises again and an open glade, at least 100 yds. across, mounts the opposite hill. To the narrower north elevation of the house an impression of great height is given by the introduction of four tiers of windows on each side of the pedimented centre which contains the great window that lights the staircase. At the extreme right of the picture in which this elevation appears may be seen a portion of the curved corridor which connects the main house with the one remaining Wren wing.

Of the exterior features so far mentioned none is later than the time of Hawksmoor except the iron balustrades of the stairways on both sides. On these appear arms or initials surmounted by an Earl's coronet, and they are therefore



HAWKSMOOR'S ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR THE WEST ELEVATION.

posterior to the year 1721, when Lord Lempster's son became Earl of Pomfret. The same coronet may be seen on the apex of the great screen and gateway to the park known as the Chain Lodge and bearing the impress of a late eighteenth century hand. As to the fine Spanish ironwork that forms a *clairvoyée* at the entrance to the kitchen garden, it is a recent introduction at Easton, and was brought there by its present possessor, whose mother was the last of the Fermors. Of all this later period of Easton's history, however, the account must be reserved till next week, when it is proposed to offer a set of illustrations of its interior. T.

IN THE GARDEN.

MAKING A PERGOLA.

I HAVE been asked a very interesting question, and one most seasonable, as it is work one can do in the winter, and that is how to make a pergola. I cannot do better than draw from the notes Miss Jekyll, who is so competent a gardener, gave before the Royal Horticultural Society some years ago, as I have the pleasantest recollections of her beautiful garden in Surrey. Miss Jekyll mentions that it is of comparatively late years that we have borrowed the pergola from the gardens of Italy. Borrowed is, perhaps, in its complete sense, not quite the right term to use, for borrowing implies return or repaying, whereas, having borrowed the pergola, we have certainly kept it for our own. Its main use in Italy is as a support for Grape Vines and at the same time to give shade to paths. Here we use it not only for shade, but as an important feature in garden design and for the display of the best plants for rambling growth, whether for beauty of flower or foliage. In the old English gardens of Tudor times there was something that approached the uses of the pergola in the pleached alleys of Hornbeam or some such tree trained on a framework of laths. But these shaded alleys were slow of growth and wasteful of labour, and did nothing to display the beauty of flowers. Our adaptation of the pergola gives a much quicker and better addition to the delights of the garden, for we have our shady walk, and in addition some of the most charming pictures of flower beauty that the garden can be made to show. It is therefore no wonder that a pergola or something of the kind is now wanted in almost every garden.

Before considering how it is to be planted, it may be well to give an idea of the different ways in which it is made. The simplest form of pergola in Italy is made of stout poles guiding and supporting the trunks of the Vines, connected across the paths by others of less diameter, and a roofing of any rods laid lengthways along the top. This is repaired from time to time by putting in fresh uprights or other portions in the careless, happy-go-lucky way that characterises the methods of domestic and rural economy of the Italian peasant or small proprietor. But often in Italy one sees solid piers of rubble masonry coarsely plastered, either round or square in plan, or even marble columns from ancient buildings. These have a more solid wooden beam connecting them in pairs across the path, and stouter stuff running along the length. For our English gardens we have the choice of various materials for the main structure. If the pergola is to be near enough to the house to be in any sort of designed relation to it, and especially if the house be of some importance, the piers should be of the same material as the house-walls—brick or stone, as the case may be. Fourteen-inch brick piers laid in cement are excellent and easily made. Such piers may be said to last for ever, and if it is desirable that they should not be red, or whatever may be the normal colour of the brick used, it is easy to colour them in lime-wash to suit any near building. For association with refined brick building, bricks are sometimes

moulded on purpose of thinner shape, either square or half round in plan, the latter being for piers that are to show as round columns. Brick, stone or marble, or wooden columns are also used in refined designs. For more ordinary work the piers may be of Oak trunks of a diameter of 8 in. to 10 in. These if tarred or charred at the butts high enough to show a charred space of 1 ft. above the ground-line, like gate-posts, will last from fifteen to eighteen years, or have about the lifetime of an ordinary field gate post. A better and more enduring way is to have the posts of Oak 8 in. square, set on squared stones that stand 1 ft. out of the ground, with a stout iron dowel let into the foot of the post and the top of the stone. Unless the appearance of the Oak post is desired, there is little if anything to choose in point of cost between this and the solid brick pier, as the Oak has to be squared and the plinth shaped and bedded on a concrete foundation. In most places local custom and convenience of obtaining local materials will be the best guide in choosing what the pergola is to be made of. Larch posts are nearly as good as Oak, and Larch tops are the best of all materials for the top roofing.

Whatever may be the kind of post or pier, it is important to have them connected by good beams. The beam ties the opposite pairs of posts or piers together across the path. In the case of brick or stone piers it should be of Oak or Larch 7 in. to 8 in. square, not quite horizontal, but slightly rising in the middle. This is of some importance, as it satisfies the eye with the feeling of strong structure, and is actually of structural utility. It is, of course, possible to make a pergola of iron with very flat arches and supporting rods or wires, or wire-netting for the top; but it is the material least recommended and the one that is the least sympathetic to the plants; indeed, in many cases, contact with the cold iron is actually harmful. A modification of the continuous pergola is, in many cases, as good as, or even better than, the more complete kind. This is the series of posts or beams without any connection in the direction of the length of the path, making a succession of flowering arches; either standing quite clear or only connected by garlands swinging from one pair of piers to the next along the sides of the path, and perhaps light horizontal rails running lengthwise from pier to pier. This is the best arrangement for Roses, as they have plenty of air and light, and can be more conveniently trained as pillars and arches, while the most free-growing of the Ayrshires and Hybrid Multiflora Ramblers willingly make swinging garlands. Roses are not so good for the complete pergola. The height and width of the pergola and the width apart of the pairs of piers can only be rightly estimated by a consideration of the proportions of other near portions of the garden, so that it is only possible to suggest a kind of average size for general use. The posts or piers should stand from 7 ft. 2 in. to 8 ft. out of the ground when the piers stand from 8 ft. to 9 ft. apart across the path. In a garden where there is nothing very high close by, this kind of proportion, rather wider than high, will be likely to be the most suitable; but there may be circumstances, such as

a walk through a kitchen garden, where economy of space is desired, or when the pergola has to pass between tall trees at a little distance to right and left, when the proportion that is rather taller than wide had better be used. In a whole or covered pergola the pairs of piers would be further apart in the length of the walk than between the individuals of each pair across the walk; but in the open pergola, where there is no roof and either no connection or only garlands and level side rails—or garlands alone—they may stand closer. C.

PROTECTING ROSES FROM FROST.

WITH the advent of severe frosts we must attend to the protection of the more tender of our Roses. These will be found in the beautiful group called the Tea, which have brought such fragrance and beauty to our gardens, not only in the summer, but even until the eve of Christmas. Where the soil is loose and friable (as the surface of a well-cultivated Rose-bed should be) there is no better material for the preservation of the dwarf bushes, this being heaped around and among the stems to a height of gin, and allowed to remain there until the end of February next. If severe frosts are experienced, the shoots will, in all probability, be killed to the surface of this raised soil, but the buds beneath it will be preserved from injury. Where standard Roses have to be dealt with, dried Bracken or Heather gives ample protection. A small quantity of this material should be placed among the shoots and tied securely with strong twine. As this will add considerably to the bulk of the head of the tree, injury is likely to be caused by strong winds unless the whole plant is fastened securely to a stout stake, taking care to place some soft material between the stake and the shoots of the tree, so that the latter are not injured by chafing. F. W. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING PLANTS.

SIR,—As a constant reader of COUNTRY LIFE, I always make a note of the new plants and flowers mentioned in your "Garden" notes. I find, however, a great difficulty in obtaining the plants mentioned. Could you not make a rule to mention who introduces them and where they may be obtained. I should like to obtain *Wistaria multijuga* (the Japanese wistaria), mentioned on June 13th; but it is quite unknown to the well-known and world-renowned houses such as Sutton's and Carter's. Where can I obtain a strong plant?—GEORGE D. YATES.

[*Wistaria multijuga* could most probably be obtained from either Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, Limited, Chelsea, or Messrs. William Paul and Sons, Waltham Cross, Herts, both of whom advertise trees and shrubs in our columns. The firms referred to in our correspondent's letter are seed-merchants and retailers.—ED.]

GARDEN LEADWORK.

PROPERLY understood and properly used, the vase and the statue take their place quite naturally and delightfully—naturally, in the formal garden, and delightfully, in gardens naturalistically designed. Those who are familiar with the gardens of England will not fail to recognise how great is the share of these sculptures in the beautifying of them. It is not merely the aspect that must be considered, but the sentiment, the emotion they awaken. There is the stimulating element of "surprise"

which is so agreeable. I do not speak, of course, of that painful surprise which we feel before a bad and tasteless thing, such, for example, as the two children under an umbrella in the garden of Holland House, strangely conceived in the spirit of "You Dirty Boy!" I refer to the agreeably unexpected, which we experience as we come upon these dumb yet eloquent companions, graceful but discreet, on their pedestals, around which cunningly chosen plants

are grouped, or up the bases of which they trail, as if in acknowledgment that there exists a familiarity and an understanding between Nature and Art to work together for a common end. It is here that the sculptor's right feeling tells; for the sentiment of his figures must always declare itself in harmony with the plants among which they are to dwell. The dignity of their conception and the exquisiteness of their finish must never seek to attract attention at the expense of their surroundings; and for that reason great art, whether in the production of classic masterpieces or in the original work of high ambition of to-day, is out of place. Except on the terrace garden, it is better that these should not be of marble.

Again, there is the question of the fountain. Horace Walpole—that strange paradox, the perpetrator of Strawberry Hill, a monument of the tastelessness of a man of taste—laid it down that the fountain is an impertinence, and that the meandering stream is the only water tolerable in a garden. Had he said "in a park" we might agree; but the semi-formal garden—the garden which has become the domestic, the *intime*, garden of these later days—seems to cry out for the murmuring trickle of falling water, especially if no stream be available; and if the eye is to be gratified as well as the ear, we ask for a fountain of fitting design to be the instrument of our delight. "No English garden," it has been laid down, "is complete without a fountain, and no fountain without a figure." We do not ask for such ambitious compositions as the great fountain at Cliveden or the group at Blenheim Palace; but how infinitely charming is, say, the fountain vase in Lord Methuen's rose garden at Corsham Court. As for vases, we need only recall that in the Italian garden in Ashridge Park, belonging to Lord Brownlow, or that at Canford Manor, Lord Wimborne's home, or the pair in the Cedar Walk at Embley Park (Major Chichester's), or, again, the many in the formal garden at Longford Castle, where, interspersed with terminals, they lend extraordinary interest to the scene without encroaching on the beauty of the garden or filching aught of the gardener's triumph. And if we look at statuary proper, our own knowledge proves to us from visible evidence before us that, judiciously placed, it is a help and not a disadvantage, as Walpole would have us believe. What could be better than the statue against the clipped yew hedge in Mr. E. J. Morant's garden at Brockenhurst Park or the figures in his Dutch garden? Or that in the upper garden at Moor Park (Lord Ebury's)? Surely, too, Mrs. A. Ker's rose garden at Ven Hall would suffer greatly by the removal of the figures, be their intrinsic value what it may.

Now, these reflections have been induced by the sight of a number of statues—quite small, some of them—of fountains and vases, lately produced by the body of artists who have banded themselves together in Worcestershire, under the chieftainship of Mr. Walter Gilbert, and have taken to themselves the title of the Bromsgrove Guild. There appears to be no sort of work in wood, stone, metal or plaster that these artists do not undertake, from the great Canada Gates at the Victoria Memorial by Buckingham Palace to a bronze medal or an electric button. But the special class of work which appears to be done by them, and by no one else with like success, is the figures in lead or cement (each material assuming by exposure to the weather a beautiful colour of its own) for garden decoration. These works have but recently come to my notice, and I have been struck with them, as all will doubtless be, because, while they exactly fit themselves into the garden scheme, they are wholly fresh and original, and never suggest—as so much of even the best eighteenth century work suggested—the "modern antique" or the debased reproduction of old work.



TERMINAL—"PAN" FOR ARDROSS CASTLE.

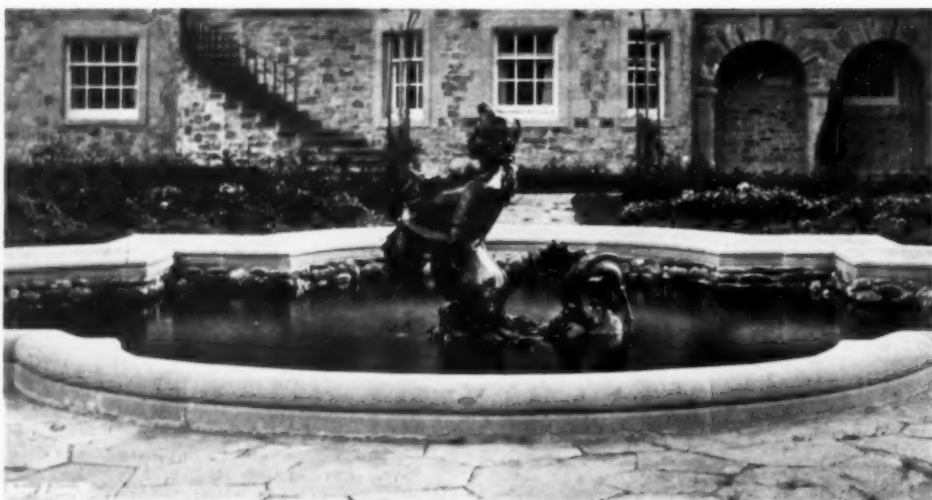


A DESIGN BY MR. C. E. MALLOW'S.

Some are better than others, but all are good, partly because they are refined in feeling, and naturalistic enough in treatment to avoid violent contrast with the living things around them, and partly because there is plainly no attempt to attain the higher finish proper to the marble and the bronze. The outstanding merit, therefore, is in the conception and the treatment, the result of sound

judgment and admirable restraint. The modelling is excellent, so far as it goes—it must not go too far, in work of this kind—with much of the life we find in Carpeaux, and the technique is admirably suited to its purpose. Breadth such as this is dictated by the dual consideration of the material and of the fact that the figures are to be seen in the open air in a completely diffused light. High finish robs a statue of all vitality when viewed out of doors, for which reason a fifty-guinea lead statue is more effective for the purpose of a garden than would be a well-smoothed 500-guinea statue in marble. An example of vigour, dignity and suitability as to conception and execution may be seen in the Mermaid Fountain, modelled from a design by Mr. R. S. Lorimer, for a garden in the West of Scotland. Although the style is a little too free in design for my individual taste, the idea of the angry fish spurning water in indignation at the mermaid's unwelcome embrace, appeals to me as it must to others; and the modelling of the torso is admirable and carried to exactly the right point of finish. At the same time, I am prepared to argue that when a figure is treated thus naturalistically, the eyeballs should not be left blank, although the work belonged to the severer order of the Greek.

I have mentioned the element of cost; although it is, after all, a matter of some indifference to many men engrossed in the embellishment of their gardens which have cost them thousands, to others these final touches become the objects of sudden economy. It should be borne in mind that when the work is good and the designs original—whether



THE MERMAID FOUNTAIN.

old and hackneyed models should be used for our leadwork of to-day.

Let the garden purists say what they like, the statue in the garden is an artistic thing, and has always appealed to the artist. The sculptor has revelled in producing it, the painter in reproducing it. The "Fountain of the Tritons, Aranjuez," attracted the brush of Velasquez. The early Flemish school delighted in the rendering of garden fountains, either real, beside which the Holy Virgin would take her rest, or symbolical, from which the waters of Truth would gush forth. The Dutchman, Van Delen, would decorate his formal gardens, seen from the

in figures, fountains or cisterns—leadwork cannot be exactly cheap; and even when first-class copies of old work can be obtained, there is necessarily lacking that correspondence with the life of to-day which sincerity demands for every modern-made garden. At the same time, good modern work is cheaper than really good old work, and there appears to be no reason why reproductions of



GARDEN VASE.



GARDEN VASE.

palace loggia, with graceful statues. The school of Watteau abounds in garden statues; Fragonard, Pater, Lancret, Boucher, all designed them in their pictures with exquisite effect, all rather artificial, no doubt, as became the pretty artificiality of their art and their period. Rubens gives us charming garden fountains in his "Cymon and Iphigeneia" and "The Worship of Venus" (both in the Vienna Gallery); and Reynolds, with excellent effect, introduced into his noble picture at the National Gallery a terminal figure of Hymen to be decorated with a great garland of flowers by three very modern and very lovely Graces. And the list might, if necessary, be indefinitely prolonged. I merely mention some of those that spring to my mind as I write, in order to show that men of unchallenged artistic pre-eminence have paid their tribute to the principle of garden sculpture in pictures which are accepted among the world's masterpieces. This being so, we may, I think, safely disregard the lamentations of the anti-statue school, and welcome this recent attempt to revive the art of the lead figure through the exercise of good judgment, good modelling, good design and good workmanship.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

PROFITABLE POULTRY FATTENING.

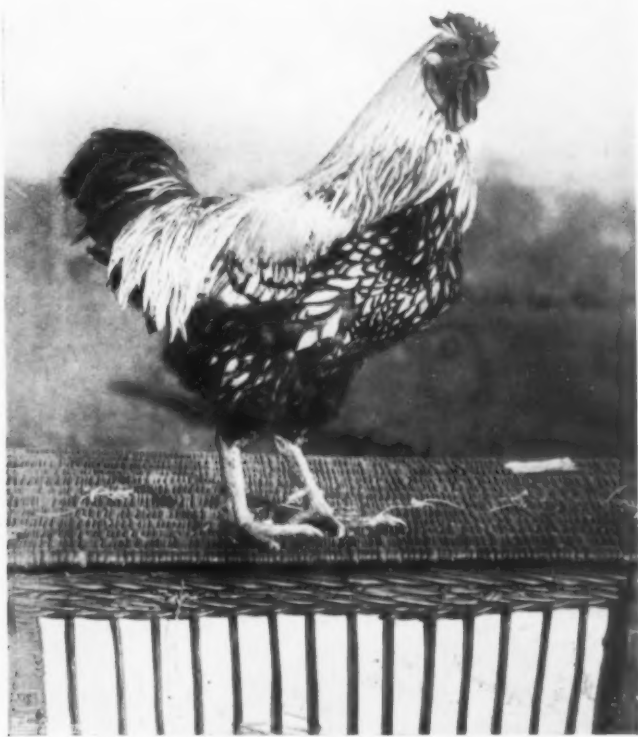
UPON some schemes of poultry-farming severe criticism has been passed, but no one has ever suggested that poultry fattening does not pay. When the would-be poultry-farmer turns his attention, as he does sooner or later, to Surrey and Sussex, where the poultry industry flourishes so notably, he finds that the poultry-keepers there are often either poultry fatteners or producers of poultry for the fatteners. There are people in these counties who handle poultry successfully and do both the rearing and fattening themselves; but most of those engaged in the industry are either rearers or fatteners. The farmers and cottagers who rear, bring on the birds almost to killing age; then the flocks are taken in hand by the fatteners, who get them into proper condition, and send them up in the best possible way to the London market. This division of labour is based on a sound principle. He succeeds best at any work who specialises. The hatching and rearing of chicks, and the



FOR CROSSING DORKINGS.

pushing forward of the young birds, so that from start to finish they shall never lose a day, is no easy task. Only those with personal knowledge of it are entitled to express an opinion on the calls it makes on the skill and patience of the poultryman.

It demands not only experience, but no little method and foresight. Fattening, in its turn, is a much more difficult business than is generally imagined—that is, if it is to be done in a short time and economically, and so as to turn out a perfect-looking table bird. In Sussex the work has been carried on for so many years that the people seem almost to have a special aptitude for it. The results they obtain are certainly remarkable. We are afraid that the coops of the average fatterer are not always quite such trim specimens of carpenter's work as the row in the



SILVER WYANDOTTE COCK.

photograph; but they serve their purpose. The forcing machine in another photograph is, however, of the type used in Sussex. It is wonderful how quickly the skilled hand can take each bird in turn from its coop, give it its *quantum* of the soft stuff—ground oats and fat—and put it back in its place again. As to the question, which observers of the process for the first time usually ask, What do the birds think of it? we should say that they have no serious objection at all. The operator, with one hand on the bird's crop, knows just how much of the luscious liquid to pump in. A novice would very probably split the bird's crop. Of course, the birds can be fattened by being fed from troughs in front of their coops. This accessibility of the fattening food, combined with absence of exercise and quiet, soon achieves the object the fatterer has in view; but most experts believe in the pump or in the French method, by which bits of fattening paste are put into the birds' throats by hand.

In the system which has been so admirably developed in Sussex for the economical transmission of dead poultry to London, the farmer who both rears and fattens has an easy means of getting his birds off his hands. He kills the fowls, plucks and presses them, and packs them in contrivances of a shape peculiar to his country-side, called a "ped." This he places at his gate, and takes no more responsibility for it. The carrier picks up the "ped," and, adding it to a large number of others, gets the advantage of a cheap railway rate to London and the Central or Leadenhall Market. The farmer obtains his cheque by return, and the charge to him is only a penny each bird, which covers the return of the empty to his



FIRST STAGE: CHICKS IN FIELD REARER.

gate. He has no bad debts and no correspondence; he has not even to supply his own labels. When the higgler collect the live birds they lose little time in making their purchase. They look at what is offered them, say at once whether the birds are mature enough or not, and if they propose to buy, mention their price straight away. The birds soon go off in the crates or the higgler's cart and are in due course transferred to his fattening coops.

Of late years not a few poultry-farmers, realising the profit there is to be made out of birds properly fattened in comparison with birds which have still to have their finishing touches put on, have gone in for a fattening pump and set up rows of coops in a shady or darkened part of their establishment, and by

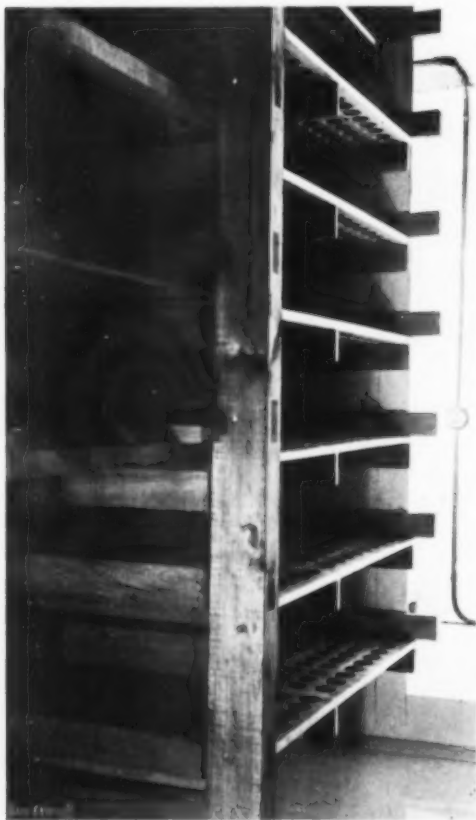
IN THE FATTENING COOP.



buying in suitable birds for the neighbourhood have done very well financially. Obviously, however, for this work to be successful the very closest touch not only with the requirements but with the ways of the markets must be maintained. To those who have the requisite business aptitude and possess or can obtain sufficient knowledge of fattening, the buying in of birds and preparing them for the poulterers may be recommended as a paying department of the poultry industry. There are many districts where

show themselves promising consignors, and Mr. Verney Carter, the trade secretary of the National Poultry Organisation Society of 12, Hanover Square, W., is also willing to give assistance as to the demands of the trade.

When one looks at fine birds like the cockerels shown in the accompanying photographs, it is easy to understand the fascination which the breeding and rearing of typical birds for stock purposes and for the shows presents to the poultry-keeper; but if the object of poultry-keeping be to make money, it seems unwise to neglect the admittedly profitable department of poultry fattening. Elementary information on the subject may be obtained from the leaflet of the Board of Agriculture headed "Poultry Fattening," to be obtained from the offices, Whitehall Place, free; but an opportunity of visiting the Heathfield district of Sussex should not be missed. Fortunately, it is now possible to obtain outside Sussex ground oats, which is so invaluable in fattening work. A few years ago, when the present writer submitted



EGG TRAYS.

hundreds of birds are raised by farmers and disposed of, imperfectly prepared, at prices which would admit of a good profit being obtained by a business-like and skilled fattener who collected them. Of course, fattening is not the pleasantest kind of poultry-farming, and will not perhaps commend itself to some beginners; but there is more money in it than in trying to produce sittings of eggs and stock birds in districts where there is little demand for them at a remunerative price. The competition in sittings and stock birds is now keen, and it is an uphill task for the beginner until he has made a connection. He usually tries to supplement his income while he is waiting by taking in pupils. But pupils may fairly complain of incomplete instruction if they are not taught the paying branch of fattening. Apart from poultry-farmers, we think that up and down the country there are many agriculturists who might well develop their poultry branch in the direction of fattening for the neighbourhood. They are in a position to obtain food at the lowest prices, and carriage of the birds to the station costs them nothing. They are also well known



FEEDING-TIME.

a sample to an Essex corn-merchant, this business man confessed that he had never heard before of this splendid poultry meal, and that if he had not seen the sample he would not have believed that it was possible to grind up the oat and its husk together so finely! Yet there are other districts in which oats grown with the husk have been used for years. As every expert knows, the fattening of ducklings is in some ways an easier matter than the fattening of fowls. The ducklings take more kindly to a sameness of diet and to lack of exercise.



THE LAST STAGE OF ALL.

LITERATURE.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN SCANDINAVIA.

Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun, by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, (Fisher Unwin.)

MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND has had plenty of experience in mountain travel. She can photograph admirably. She can tell her story without tediousness. She enjoys what she sees. Thus her mountain books are a pleasure to read, and the present volume is no exception. The world is full of mountains, ranges after ranges that are practically unknown; and in every range there are countless peaks and passes, and every peak can be climbed by all sorts of routes. It is only the Alps that are "climbed out"; almost everywhere else the climber is, or can be, a pioneer, and may rejoice in the excitement of going where no one has gone before, with the ever-present doubt as to whether his efforts will be crowned by success. That sort of climbing is, of course, the best worth doing and the best worth reading about. Mrs. Le Blond hit on the extreme north of Norway as an unexplored or little explored district. There in the summer you get twenty-four hours of light in every day. There you find snow mountains drowned as in the sea up to the snow-line. There you can find an unspoiled, or at least an untamed, world, where paths are not and Nature meets man frankly and unclothed. It is a land easy to get at, and where provisioning is not a difficult business. You go by boat to the foot of your peak, or as near as you can get. You have to camp out, and you must rough it if you are to come anywhere off the beaten track. As for the names of all these peaks and fjords, these glaciers, valleys and passes, they will be meaningless to most people, but that matters little. The scrambling adventures, the small misfortunes, the variety of life from the common run—all these things which can be made pleasant subject for writing are the same wherever they happen. Nowadays books take the place of much conversation. Once it was mainly through the medium of talk that people were entertained, and a traveller was a godsend who could tell tales of distant lands and unusual adventures. Now travellers are less inclined to talk. They write their experiences and expect their friends to read them. Certainly this book is more entertaining than most modern novels. Incidentally it contains a good deal more than merely camping and mountain adventures. It appears that in these out-of-the-way regions there is sport to be had without money and without price. You can shoot wild duck and rype; you can catch fish of sorts apparently in plenty. It seems just as well that so it should be, otherwise it appears that the traveller would often want for food in a casual land where boats do not always arrive when they ought to, and where people are a little vague in the matter of fulfilling their undertakings. The book contains plenty of practical hints and ought to be useful as well as entertaining to persons who may be tempted to follow the example of the authoress and make the extreme north of Norway a resort for summer holidays.

M. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

Sintram and His Companions.

THOSE who wish to read a story absolutely different from those now in vogue will do well to obtain this volume, which is published by Methuen and Co. It was originally told by Lamotte Fouqué, and is now translated by Mr. A. C. Farquharson. It has as frontispiece the celebrated picture by Dürer which inspired it. This shows a knight in armour, riding a great horse and followed by his dog, in a dreadful and fearsome valley. Close behind the knight, on a small, lean horse, rides Death, while a demon-like shape claws after him with its long arm. Herr D. E. Schoeber considered that Dürer had taken this idea from some special event, or meant it to express figuratively a soldier's career. Round it Lamotte Fouqué wove one

of the most extraordinary stories in existence. Sintram is bound ever to be a favourite with the young. Good and evil are contending in him for the mastery, mid events as exciting as ever were evolved by any disciple of the cloak and rapier school of novelists. Here is fighting and bloodshed galore, but also there is a fine symbolism which makes us remember in this tale of adventure that unending and mortal combat which every true man has to undergo ere he reaches any worthy end of his pilgrimage. A vivid and strong imagination enabled Fouqué to give his parable an air of verisimilitude which a modern realist well

might envy. The translator has done his work well, and he has been fortunate in securing an illustrator capable of entering into the spirit of the author.

De Libris.

No writer of our time wields a lighter and defter pen than Mr. Austin Dobson, and he is always at his best in such scraps as go to make up this volume, published by Macmillan and Co., wherein his easy, happy, casual manner finds its most appropriate expression. The plan of the volume is to give a number of literary essays dealing with such themes as "Books and Their Associations," "Bramston's 'Man of Taste,'" and so on, with delightful little scraps of verse sandwiched between them. Mr. Dobson strikes the right key in a prologue that he, and only he, is capable of writing:

Lector Benevole!—For so
They used to call you, years ago,—
I can't pretend to make you read
The pages that to this succeed:
Nor could I—if I would—excuse
The wayward promptings of the Muse
At whose command I wrote them down.
I have no hope to "please the town,"
I did but think some friendly soul
(Not ill-advised, upon the whole!)
Might like them; and "to interpose
A little ease," between the prose,
Slipped in the scraps of verse, that thus
Things might be less monotonous.
Then, *Lector, be Benevole!*

The essays themselves might almost be described as the table-talk of a great reader. With the eighteenth century especially Mr. Dobson seems almost more at home than he is with the present day, and whatever he touches in that time he adorns. Two of the essays are to some extent biographical. They deal with the book illustrators, Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson. His account of Kate Greenaway is an intimate and perfect study, the conclusion arrived at being that "she is sure of attention from the connoisseur of the future. Those who collect Stothard and Caldecott (and they are many!) cannot afford to neglect either *Marigold Garden* or *Mother Goose*." He follows this with "A Song of the Greenaway Child," which combines pathos and merriment most delightfully. Anyone would expect him to write very highly of Hugh Thomson, for Hugh Thomson is with the pencil what Mr. Austin Dobson is with the pen. There is in both writer and artist the same love of the beautiful tempered by a taste for the whimsical. Mr. Dobson says of him that "no draughtsman that I can call to mind has ever shown greater fertility of invention, so much playful fancy, so much grace, so much kindly humour, and such a sane and wholesome spirit of fun." Those who like the Prologue should turn to the Epilogue also, as the one is the supplement and counterpart of the other. "No more," sings Mr. Dobson,

No more of 'slips,' and 'galley,' and 'revises,'
Of words 'transmogrified,' and 'wild surmises';
No more of *u's* that masquerade as *u's*,
No nice perplexities of *p's* and *q's*;
No more mishaps of *aute* and of *post*,
That most mislead when they should help the most;
No more of 'friend' as 'fiend,' and 'warm' as 'worm';
No more negations where we would affirm.

The book altogether is a charming example of that literary art which Mr. Dobson has carried close to perfection.

Memories of Half a Century.

This book, which is published by Smith, Elder and Co., has been compiled and edited by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, who, by a pleasant coincidence, is in this number the writer of our "Book of the Week." Fortunately, Mr. Lehmann has not himself arrived at the anecdotal stage of life, and these reminiscences do not form his own autobiography. They are compiled from letters left by his father, and from those written to or by his father and his mother, "supplemented here and there

by my own recollection." To mention the author's name is to give an assurance that the work is lightly and agreeably done. Perhaps to many it will come as a surprise that the family to which Mr. Lehmann belongs had many literary associations. His mother was the daughter of Robert Chambers, and his father was a business man with a wide circle of literary friends. The pages are studded with famous names and, what is much more to the point, Mr. Lehmann has something new to tell us of each of them. For example, here is a description of Carlyle by Mrs. Lehmann: "Carlyle was so sweet. By the way, his young niece, a Scotch girl, just home from school to keep his house, was there. Carlyle spoke to me so appreciatively and flutteringly of papa I could have kissed him. He said he had read everything he had ever written since he was a very young man, and had come out with his 'Rebellion.' That he had been perfectly struck lately with a Life of Smollett by him. 'The very best thing ever written about Smollett—vastly superior to anything that has ever been written about him before,' etc. He asked all about papa's life. After dinner I played him one Scotch tune after another. He was pleased, even touched. He said, 'Waal, I niver harrel a sweeter finger on the pianoforte in all my life.'" Wilkie Collins was a great friend of Mr. Lehmann's father, and there are many epistles, gay and serious, from the descriptive novelist, and even occasionally little bits of verse from him. Here is the beginning of a poem written to Mrs. Lehmann while she was still Miss Chambers:

Miss Chambers has sent me a very sharp letter,
With a gift of some Toffy (I never sucked better!)
'Tis plain, from her note, she would have me infer
That I should have first sent the Toffy to her.

Of Dickens we hear a very great deal, and there are some interesting notes about Robert Browning. Mr. Lehmann gives an authentic history of the quarrel between Browning and Forster. The latter seemed to consider himself something in the nature of a grandparent of the poet, expecting him to dinner every Sunday, and looked over his manuscripts and prepared them for the Press. "Forster was kind but ponderous; Browning was nervous and sensitive," so it happened that while they were at dinner at 10, Kensington Palace Gardens, they began to nag at each other, and so continued till Browning spoke of the incredible neglect which had lately occurred at Marlborough House, where, when the Princess of Wales had suddenly been taken very ill, no carriage could be got for the purpose of fetching a doctor. "Forster at once ridiculed the story as a foolish invention. Browning gave chapter and verse, adding that he had it from Lady ——. Forster retorted that he did not believe it a whit more on account

of that authority. Suddenly Browning became very fierce and said, 'Dare to say one word in disparagement of that lady!'—seizing a decanter while he spoke—'and I will pitch this bottle of claret at your head!' Forster seemed as much taken aback as the other guests. Our host, who had left the room with Sir Edwin Landseer, on his return at this moment found Browning standing up in great anger with a decanter in his hand ready for action. He had the greatest difficulty in realising the situation. I soon made him hurry everyone from the room, but all attempts to bring about an immediate apology or reconciliation were in vain. A kind of peace, was, however, patched up before Forster's death." There are other names that carry us back into the last century, to the time when George Eliot was living, and George Henry Lewes, Barry Cornwall and Mrs. Proctor, Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield. The following is an account of Tennyson's reading that will be read with pleasure: "I had at first some little difficulty in accustoming myself to his very marked Northern dialect, but that done I thoroughly enjoyed the reading. He would interrupt himself every now and then to say quite naively, 'We now come to one of my best things. This has been tried before me, but not successfully,' and so on, acting throughout as his own not quite impartial Greek chorus. He read 'The Northern Farmer' and almost the whole of 'Maud.' We were all spell-bound, and he seemed to enjoy it so much that his son had at last to make him stop by reminding him of the lateness of the hour." We might go on for long enough extracting from a book which is full of the most delightful material; but, no doubt, the majority of our readers will find out the passages for themselves. We have only space for one more—we give it for the purpose of showing Mr. Millais, the painter, in a festive mood. He had written, clamouring for the return of his daughter, Carrie, who was staying with the Lehmanns at Dunnichen, Forfarshire:

My dear MacLehmann
Why this delay man?
Naething can be plainer
You mauna marry
My sonsy Carrie
Wherefore then detain her?
I ken I oughter
With anither daughter
Rest and be satisfied,
But somehow she
On the piano fortee
I'm wanting by my seed. *Note—aside.*

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE MEETING OF THE DELEGATES AT EDINBURGH.

ON Saturday, November 7th, the delegates of the clubs controlling the amateur championship meet at Edinburgh. The meeting is one of some importance. We understand that the sub-committee which was appointed to consider the question as to whether any new course should be added to the five existing ones is against any such addition. This means that the applications of such clubs as the Royal Dublin and Royal North Devon to have the amateur championship played on their links at Dollymount and Westward Ho! will be rejected. We are not sorry if such is the case. The links at Dollymount and Westward Ho! are excellent; both, indeed, afford a first-rate test for match play, and the experiment of holding an amateur championship on them would be extremely interesting; still, the risk of creating frantic and almost endless discussion through having another championship links added to the present list seems too great. We also understand that two other proposals are to be put forward at the meeting. One is that there should be no definite rotation, but that from time to time the courses of the next two years should be chosen. That proposal presumably means that in 1909 the courses for the amateur championship of 1910 and 1911 would be selected, and in 1910 the course for the amateur championship of 1912 would be selected, and so on. Such a proposal is rather an attractive one, since the experiment of going to new links could be tried without the slightest danger of the visit being repeated, if the first attempt was a failure. The other proposal is that there should be a rota of ten links. We trust that this proposal has but few supporters, since its adoption would mean that an amateur championship would take place at St. Andrews, the centre of golf, but once in every ten years; a proposal which means that must surely seem to most people a bad one. Probably the existing state of things will continue, and the plan of having a rota of five courses will remain untouched. And although there are many who would gladly see two links, and two only, where the amateur championship should be played on alternate years, the present plan is a fairly good one. Apart, however, from the choice of links, there is another question for the delegates to consider; that is the manner in which the tournament is conducted. We should welcome some alteration in this respect, such as the introduction of a qualifying competition, which, while preserving the open character of the amateur championship, would probably tend to make it a more interesting affair. After all, the system of having a qualifying competition is one which finds favour in the American amateur championship, and is an undoubted success in certain tournaments for professional players. Moreover, the number of entrants for the amateur championship is on the increase every year, and we cannot help thinking that by means of the introduction of a qualifying score competition this number might be lessened with advantage. Even if the number of competitors did not decrease, at all events the introduction of a qualifying competition would mean that all competitors had an equal chance of qualifying for the subsequent tournament. It might also mean that the majority of the matches in the tournament would be over thirty-six holes. That might make the tournament

a more strenuous affair, but it would improve it as a test of golf; in these days of the rubber-cored ball an eighteen-hole match is hardly a long enough test.

THE LONDON FOURSOMES.

It is rumoured that there are to be some changes in the management of the London Foursome Tournament. Hitherto it has been controlled by four clubs—Walton Heath, Woking, Sunningdale and New Zealand—and all matches were played on one of these four courses. Now it is suggested that other London clubs should have a voice in the management, which strikes one as not unreasonable. Another proposition, and one that might give rise to much bickering, is that, except in the final and semi-final rounds, the matches should be played on any London course mutually agreed on by the players. The difficulty comes in over the words "mutually agreed," for those who play on mu! will want to stick to their native element, and the golfer who is lucky enough to play over some other substance will arrogantly turn up his nose at anything but sand. Presumably the committee would then step in; but what a terrible lot of letters will have been written and tempers lost first. Even to agree mutually on a date, much less a course, means the writing of innumerable post-cards.

THE POINT OF A "RUSH."

In one of the law courts, which has engrossed a good deal of attention, they have lately been looking for a definition of a "rush." It is a definition with which the golfer at Westward Ho! is still exceptionally well able to supply any enquirer, although many of the rushes have disappeared owing to the recent changes of the course. Still, it is possible to be impaled—even, by special Providence, to find your very golf ball impaled—on the point of one of those terrible plants which have been well described as being more like bundles of living assegaïs than any product of the natural vegetable kingdom. We have rushes elsewhere, but none like those of Westward Ho!—not even in Parliament Street! The nearest approach that we see to them is on the Prince's course at Sandwich; but it is to be doubted whether Vardon, Ray, Dancan or Mayo will test their point now, though they might much more easily have done so had the course been kept as first laid out, with its farthest green washed by the ripple of Pegwell Bay. There is fierce discussion among those who have known Westward Ho! from of old, whether its characteristics (including, most pointedly, those rushes) are well lost in favour of the pot bunkers which have been sunk, and their banks, which have arisen. The subject is in debate, and so must be left.

MR. V. A. POLLOCK

Mr. V. A. Pollock has proved himself best man at the Wimbledon Club's meeting, winning the scratch medal and a long-driving competition also. He has not come to the front as conspicuously this year as last, perhaps, but has done very good work none the less—only a stroke worse for the Royal and Ancient Club's autumn medal than Mr. Blackwell's and Mr. Balfour-Melville's equal best score—and knocking out such men as Mr. Ball and Mr. Andrew in the amateur championship.

THE FIFTH HOLE.

There is a magic in numbers. We know of a golfer who will tell us with all serious conviction that, no matter what caddie is carrying for him, and no matter on what green he is playing, his caddie will always get the hiccups at the thirteenth hole. Thirteen is always an ominous number. Just now it is hole number five that is causing trouble and discussion, or, at least, is creating change (never altogether welcome to the golfer, who is naturally the most conservative of created things) on several greens. At Ashdown Forest we have successfully opened the new, prolonged fifth hole, a splendid one, which comes in to take the place of one of the very worst short holes on record, and is just before one of the best of short holes—the Island, endowed by the liberality of Mr. Ridpath. It would be too long to explain this reference to those who are not on "the inside track." Owing to the fine growing weather in the autumn, we have been able to play this new-made hole this year instead of waiting, as we had thought would be necessary, till next spring. The other fifth hole which there is thought and talk of changing is that fifth on the St. George's course at Sandwich, which has always been a weak point of the links, both because it is a short hole coming before another short hole, the Maiden, and also because it is a rather poor short hole in itself—generally not quite within the drive, but just a drive and a run up, resulting usually in an uninteresting half in four. But changes, for certain reasons which are obvious, but into which again it would take too long to enter, are even more difficult to achieve on this course than on others. The idea, originating with Tom Vardon, is to prolong this fifth hole a little to the left of the present line, taking a corner of the Maiden bunker with a second shot to a green on the strath towards the sea. Then teeing on the Pegwell Bay side of the proposed green, the idea is to play back to the Maiden green from a much more northerly point than at present. We shall, so, lose the mountainous Maiden sand-dune as a hazard; but there are very many who will declare that, though this virgin mountain is magnificent, it is not golf.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHES.

J. Fulford, the professional of the Harborne Club, near Birmingham, must surely be a relative by marriage of J. H. Taylor, whom he encountered the other day on his home course of Harborne. At least, they both come from that same village, Northam in Devon, which has been the nursery of a wonderful number of fine professionals, all doing well at their work as well as at the play of the game. It was a good match, too, that Fulford made with the great man. Though two down at luncheon-time, he was only beaten by a hole on the day's golf. Another player who has proved himself a good one by the result of a recent match is Bernard Nicholls, late of Folkestone, but now a professional in America and here only on a holiday. He met Renouf on the Embleton course, near Cocker mouth, and beat him by two and one, making a record score for the course of 71.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

The next few weeks will see several matches between the Universities and various clubs near London. At Oxford Mr. Hooman has succeeded Mr. Robertson-Durham as captain. Mr. Hooman is a steady player, whose golf has improved just as his cricket seems to have deteriorated since he left Charterhouse, though we hardly think that the playing of golf can, in any way, interfere with the more modern game of cricket. Mr. Hooman, Mr. Denys Finch-Hatton, Mr. Landale and Mr. Gidney are still up; Mr. Robertson-Durham will, we believe, be available again; he is the most dangerous player at either University, and with a little more steadiness would be quite in the first rank of amateur golfers. Few can hit a longer carrying ball off the tee; unfortunately he has at times to seek for it in very rough, virginal and untrodden places. At Cambridge there do not appear to be so many promising golfers; Mr. Hammond-Chambers and Mr. Ulyat are both good players, the former being a very powerful driver. Certainly Cambridge has a drier links to play on at Mildenhall than Oxford has ever had—which at this season of the year is a great advantage. Mud is apt to cause a bad style of play and entire lack of confidence; and in spite of Mr.

Croome's watchful eye, Oxford's course near Radley produces a most remarkable quantity and quality of mud, almost as remarkable as that which was once the chief feature of the Hincksey course.

TWO REDOUTABLE SCOTTISH GOLFRERS.

The accompanying photograph depicts two well-known Scotch players, Mr. James Law of the *Scotsman*, and Mr. A. M. Ross, each of whom is unique in his own way. Through the medium of his paper Mr. Law has done perhaps more than anyone else to popularise the game, for there is no doubt that the popularity of golf in Scotland is due in a great measure to the articles and reports which appeared in the *Scotsman*. As Willie Park says, "The *Scotsman* made modern golf; before Mr. Law wrote up the game the players were few and mostly members of the upper classes." Mr. Law has managed the *Scotsman*, of which he is part proprietor, for fifty years, and has been a pioneer in many journalistic improvements, including the distribution of morning newspapers by means of special trains. Mr. A. M. Ross has played first-class golf for fifty years, and even now can compete with such a player as Mr. Maxwell on level terms. Messrs. Law and Ross are noted foursome players; and the photographer, Miss M. S. Hemingway, the daughter of Mr. Charles Hemingway, another well-known golfer, has caught them unawares, at Archerfield, when planning the downfall of their opponents.



THE CONSPIRATORS.

OXFORD GOLF.

ALL roads, says the Oxonian, lead to Oxford. That may or may not be true; but it is certain that the golfing visitor who has arrived in the city, bringing, as all respectable golfers do, his clubs with him, will take that road out of it which, leads to Radley, where is the course of the University Golf Club. As he sits in the club-house at his luncheon, in a room whose windows face the first teeing-ground, he will note several interesting things. He will observe how their common game brings dons and undergraduates together, especially if Dr. Macan, Master of University College and president of the Golf Club, happens to start his round under the observer's eye. But the thing which will impress him most deeply, especially if he is himself approaching middle age, is the glorious freedom with which the young man rejoicing in his youth goes for his ball. The luncher can almost hear the swish of the frequent clubs which decapitate daisies or buttercups in practice swings, and crack after crack rings clear in his ears when the owners of the clubs come in turn to the real

business. In some cases he will doubt whether the players will keep up the standard of their driving all the way round, for not a few of them stagger a little from the effects of their whole-hearted swiping. But the majority exercise a wholesome restraint on their back swings and only allow their enviable lissomness full play in the follow through. The writer found himself continually asking his introducer, "Who is that?" When so many men drove off like possible candidates for places in the team against Cambridge, it was difficult to avoid the temptation to become an interrogation point. Only occasionally did the answer give the name of a man who has made his mark in the history of University golf. Quite frequently it roused recollections of cricket, notably when the sons of two men who were great heroes at Lord's, Mr. A. H. Evans and Mr. C. F. H. Leslie, struck off. We had inadvertently omitted to book a time for our afternoon round before going in to our lunch, and having finished it, we found all the earlier numbers gone; quite a number of Oxonians must go without either lunch or twelve o'clock lecture in order to start their golf at an early hour of the afternoon. Having an hour to kill before we could take the field, we walked out to look at the play, the more readily because several

suspected four-ball matches had shown themselves to be four-somes. There may be two opinions about which game is the pleasanter to play, but there is no doubt which is the more interesting to watch. The characteristics of the play which we saw were such as might have been expected from the driving witnessed on the first teeing-ground. There was more brilliancy than accuracy to be seen; many of the players preferred to force a comparatively weak club in approaching the green than to take an easier shot with one more powerful; and the approach putting suffered from insufficient preliminary study of the line and from a certain indistinctness of method in hitting the ball. One got the impression that in approaching a common idea present in the player's mind was that to get up at a long hole with a drive and an iron would be great work, and on the green the thoughts

of some were occupied with questions of grip and stance rather than of strength and line. Even in the foursomes which passed us some mistakes were due to the "subjectivities"—blessed word, which a visit to Oxford adds to every man's vocabulary. A middle-aged player, for whom the grapes are turning sour, must be excused for speaking of vaulting ambition and the desire to learn by experiment as faults. What we saw of the matches going by was clear evidence that University golf is in a healthy condition, from whatever point of view it is to be judged. Much good hitting was shown to us; we were struck by the combination of keenness and good temper, which claimed special notice; and we observed an ignorance of the rules in their meticulous details, which, when united with observance of golf's essential principles, is most praiseworthy.

THE ROAD CONGRESS.

THE first International Road Congress has just been held in Paris. It is quite possible that it may be of more use than such meetings usually are, for the French gave the congress a far more practical turn than usual. They arranged excursions which showed the system of management of roads in France. The excursions at which I "assisted" were confined to the roads within the influence of Paris. Fontainebleau was the furthest away, and the result left on my mind is that road maintenance is not one of those things that they manage better in France. The excursions to Vincennes, Versailles and Fontainebleau showed specimens of all the different classes of roads—national, departmental, communal—and in each class the roads are inferior to those in England. They are neither so well made nor so well maintained, and are much more costly. The failure is due to two things—(1) the material used is not fit for the purpose; and (2) there is far too much watering and possibly too much tar coating. Whatever the material may be elsewhere, and it is said in some parts of France to be very good, round Paris it is not so. There the stones used are not hard like granite, so will not stand continual traffic. The stone is soft and does not wear well against water, with the result that it soon deteriorates, necessitating constant repairs. It is true the French say that their roads are made of macadam, but macadam as understood in England and the substance so called and used in France are two very different things. The soft perishable substance which forms the substratum of the French roads is as far removed from the hard durable English macadam as it is possible to imagine. Comparisons, therefore, between the French and English systems of road-making are most fallacious. The system of tar-paving, or of using substances containing tar, is far more developed in France than in England. The cost the use of tar-like substances entails is very heavy. The French authorities say that they tar every year, and the cost is 1fr. per mètre, roughly 1s. a yard or £40 a mile. What would the British ratepayer say if he found his county council adding an expenditure of £40 a mile each year to the roads? It is true that the French claim various advantages from the use of tar. They say it acts as a binder that is not liable to be drawn out by motor traffic; that it preserves the roads by keeping out the wet, so adding several years' life, and is therefore economical, as well as most useful in keeping down dust. But it seems to me that these advantages are over-rated. The tar-like substances in many cases wear into holes, which form the worst kind of "pot-holes," admitting the water and destroying the roads, as there is but little opportunity for the water that collects in these holes, either from rain or watering, to run off. It also in many cases becomes very slippery, and in places certainly obstructs horse traffic. Tar may be the material of the future, but as yet its proper treatment as to roads has to be discovered, and in some way its price will have to be reduced before it is used universally. Another point in connection with the French roads is very striking—the enormous weight of their steam-rollers; 18 tons seems to be the normal size. The effect of the use of soft material and heavy rollers is to pulverise the material and shorten the life of the road. It is, in my opinion, in a great degree due to this that the cost per mile of maintenance of the French roads is so great.

The extended use of tar substances has placed a further expense on the maintenance of the roads. The water runs off very rapidly from a tarred road, with the result that any heavy rain is liable to injure the sides of the road. To meet this the French Government has gone to a large expense in kerbing and channelling the roads, far more than is done here. There must have been a very large outlay on them, and an outlay not likely to be remunerative. This again is an expense at which the local ratepayers would doubtless remonstrate. A further point which makes a comparison between the French and English roads very difficult is that the French have no heavy traffic on their roads in the sense we understand it. Most of what we call heavy

weight is carried by water, not on the roads. A traction-engine with two heavily-laden trucks is a rare thing to meet in France. In England it is a daily occurrence, and nothing so injures the road surface as traction-engine traffic. Most of the traffic on French roads would here be called light traffic, the heavy traffic being carried by rivers or canals. It is fortunate for them it is so, for a heavy traction-engine with its trailers would cut into some of their roads as into butter. All these points, which the congress and the excursions clearly brought out, are useful as showing how impossible it is to attempt to contrast the systems prevailing here and there.

The resolutions of the congress were far more pious opinions than really practical conclusions, those, for instance, that stated that in the opinion of the congress the foundation of roads should be made of the hardest possible material; that the trials of tar and tar-like materials should be continued, so as to arrive at some cheap and efficient way of using this form of material; that the binding material of roads should be the same as that of which the roads are made; that steps should be taken to improve the mechanical breaking of road material so as to get a greater regularity of angular faces to the exclusion of flat fragments; that comparative tests of the work of rollers of various types and weights should be established, so as to determine the form and weight of roller best suited to carry out repairs; that the regularity of the surface of the roads should be rigorously maintained by filling up puddles and depressions, and raising and re-setting any blocks or running in sand. To such conclusions everyone will agree, but they do not advance the subject to any great extent. The following resolution is, however, more doubtful: When the condition of a road is unfavourable to motor traffic the road suffers as well as the traffic, so if everything that may cause motors to be injured is removed, motors using the roads will no longer cause exceptional injury to roads. That is, "adapt your roads for motors and then motors will not injure your roads." A statement something like the old copy-book maxim: "Be virtuous and you will be happy." The congress preserved a discreet silence as to how and at what cost the adaptation was to be done. Many English ratepayers would say that the roads were for the use of all kinds of traffic, not of any one kind in particular. A still more doubtful recommendation was that the cleaning and watering of roads by mechanical means should be developed, and the particular surface of roads which facilitates this should be the one always adopted. This view is put forward entirely by the urban and semi-urban districts. All the country districts would agree that the development of watering would mean shortening the life of the road, while the urban districts would favour it as getting rid of the dust. A series of resolutions were passed as to milestone road-signs and finger-posts; the congress was of opinion that a uniform International system should be established. It would occupy too much space to go further into the resolutions. They were all based more on the Continental than on the English system of roads, and some of them are quite inapplicable to this country. The conclusions of the congress were the least important part of its work, and may be regarded more as the foundation of procedure for a future congress than as proposals to be practically carried out. Yet the work of the congress should not be looked at merely from the point of view of its decisions. It has done valuable work in showing English surveyors the way the roads are maintained and repaired in other countries, so enabling them to judge if their own methods are capable of improvement. It is true those great problems, "speed of motors," "dust prevention" and "extraordinary traffic," have not been touched, on all of which the English surveyors are looking for light and leading. This the congress did not and could not give, for, so far as road-making goes, English surveyors are probably greatly in advance of foreigners. Still, it is something to know that our roads are as good as any in Europe, and are maintained, on the whole, in as efficient and cheap a

way as the roads of other countries. When the congress is held in London the English will be able to show the world that there are no better roads in the world than those in Great Britain, and none maintained at a cheaper rate or better adapted to deal with all kinds of traffic.

J. W. WILLIS BUND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GARRYA HUSK SWAG."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your last issue it is stated that the motif known as the "garrya husk swag," used by English designers towards the end of the seventeenth and throughout the eighteenth century, was taken from *Garrya elliptica*. I cannot think this is correct, for the evidence seems quite clear that this plant was not introduced to England until 1828. It is true that in Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening" the date of introduction is given as 1818, but I take it to be an error in copying. The Index Kewensis gives as the first publication of the name the text accompanying the coloured plate (t. 1686) in Lindley's "Botanical Register," Vol. XX., for the years 1834-35, and there we read: "A hardy evergreen shrub, native of Northern California, where it was discovered by Mr. Douglas. It was introduced in 1828, and a male plant flowered for the first time in October last in the garden of the Horticultural Society." David Douglas was a collector sent out by the Horticultural Society (now the Royal Horticultural Society) and born in 1799. I do not know the exact date of his journeys in Northern California; but supposing it to be prior to 1828 and that he had sent home herbarium specimens, they would still be more than a century too late to have assisted the designers referred to. *Garrya elliptica* is the type on which the genus was founded by Douglas and the first to be introduced, so unless the authorities on Art designs possess some knowledge of the introduction of this plant, as yet hidden from botanists, it appears we must dismiss this ingenious suggestion as to the origin of the swags as merely clever guessing.—E. AUGUSTUS BOWLES.

MULLED ALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a recipe for mulled ale, which I have taken out of an old book on fly-fishing (1850). This comes out of an old angling book for hot spiced ale, Spring-tide, 1850, by John Yonge Akerman. Two glasses of wine—one of port and one of sherry—two table-spoonfuls of moist sugar, a quarter of a nutmeg, and a sprinkle of ginger; fill up with a pint of mild ale over a piece of well-baked (but not burnt) toast.—C. E. WHALLEY.

CHILDREN AT THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a snap-shot which might have been entered for your Photographic Competition, but which you may now like to reproduce in your



"Correspondence" columns. The attitudes of the youngster seem so well to show the eternal wonder of the child who stands and watches the rolling sea.
—EYRE KENDALL.

TERRA-COTTA POTS AND AN ENGLISH WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to "H. H. B.'s" letter in last week's issue, it would not be desirable to paint the pots with any kind of oil or varnish. Any such application would destroy the good colour-texture of the terra-cotta, which weathers to beautiful greys and pale greens. The better way would be to tie up all the middle leaves of the yuccas, and within the lower part of the binding to work in the ends of enough long straws to come over the edge of the pot and form a light thatch that would both carry off the greater part of the wet and also protect both plant and pot. The binding should be of raffia, not string, as the latter would tighten undesirably in wet. The ear-ends of the straws should be downwards. The thatch should not be thick enough to prevent the circulation of air.—X.



PLAGUES IN THE HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following method of trapping flies may be useful to your correspondent. One of the simplest, cleanest and most effectual methods of trapping flies is to make a solution consisting of formalin one part, and water nine parts. Small, shallow receptacles, such as plates, saucers, dishes, etc., are filled with the mixture, and placed on window-ills, tables, the floor, or wherever flies congregate. In twenty-four hours, during the fly season, not only plates, but the surrounding surfaces, will be strewn with the corpses of both flies and gnats. They are attracted to the mixture, and die a few moments after dipping their probosces into it. A weaker solution is of no avail, and it must be freshly prepared every forty-eight hours. As formalin, i.e., the ordinary commercial variety, containing 40 per cent. of formaldehyde, only costs 1s. a pound, the remedy is as cheap as it is efficacious.—N.

A PET FERRET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may be of interest to some of your readers to hear of, what seems to me, the unusual intelligence and tameness of a large cream-coloured ferret now in my possession. He measures from tip of nose to end of tail 24 in., and is 3 lb. in weight. When first given into my charge he had the character of being savage, but with handling he very soon became tame, and now will follow me in the garden, coming when called, showing every evidence of pleasure in being on the lawn, where he will jump about in play, feigning attacks upon me, open mouthed, and chasing me in fun, as full of play as a kitten. He is delighted to be allowed in the house, and will run after me upstairs and into any room that I enter. He will eat those tomatoes hanging on the trees in the greenhouse that are within reach. Any he finds on the ground he rolls with his paws quickly backwards, thus smashing them open. He then eats the insides of the fruit. He will lick my hand as a dog does to show affection, he will also jump over my hands in the way cats are sometimes taught to do, and can gallop at a very fair pace, quite fast enough to make it difficult to catch him. He has a most marked appreciation of music, nearly always ceasing his restless hunting to remain quiet to listen to the piano-forte, in which he takes the greatest delight, sometimes remaining still quite a long time with head erect and attention fixed on the music. He has a beautiful coat and altogether is a very handsome animal; most people say they have never seen so fine a ferret. I should be much interested in hearing of other instances of tame ferrets, as I often think they are animals little noticed.—R. E. R.

[Ferrets make the most delightful and faithful pets when taken in hand young, and with plenty of liberty their owner need not fear that dreaded ailment, foot-rot, nor is their scent strong enough to be unpleasant. They also are far easier to work, as they can be put down at a distance from the hedge and called away by a whistle when a move on is made. At the same time, they, as a rule, retain their bloodthirsty enmity towards animals and fowls, and it is as well not to trust them too far with, say, a litter of puppies or a brood of chickens.—ED.]

RODENTS AMONG THE SHRUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if anyone could give me advice on the following subject: How can I prevent animals such as deer and hares from biting off the points of conifers, shrubs and ivy in winter (space that must be protected, about 450 metres)? To have this part enclosed with wire-fencing would not be pleasant to the eye. The plan must be an inexpensive one.—J. P. K., Freuden-Berg.

[Rabbit wire-netting is the only safeguard that we can recommend, but it must be rather high to prevent hares crossing in hard weather. Hares will at a pinch jump over an obstacle of 3 ft. or 4 ft. in height.—ED.]

SNAKES CATCHING FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although it is a matter of common knowledge that many of the snakes are good swimmers, I do not think it is quite so generally known that some kinds are so much at home in the water that they are able to chase and capture fish. Once, when spinning in the Fort St. George moat, at Madras, I saw a small snake about 15 in. long come out of the water carrying

a fish in its mouth. Directly the snake saw me it dropped the fish on the bank and bolted back into the moat. Unfortunately, I know very little about snakes, and so was unable to identify this one. It was very dark-coloured, and may have been a small specimen of the common black water-snake. The tiny fish was still alive and flapping, so I picked it up and returned it to the water little the worse for its adventure. It was an *Etroplus maculatus*, a little perch-like creature with a bright yellow stomach, which never grows to more than 3in. or 4in. long. On another occasion, when fishing in a reservoir near Ghaziabad, in the United Provinces, I again saw a snake with a freshly-captured fish in its jaws. This time the snake carried its prey on to the top of some lotus leaves close to me, so I dropped my hook over it and twitched it ashore, where I killed it. It was a light-coloured, yellowish snake, very slender, and barely 2ft. long. I was again able to identify the fish, which this time was dead. It was a diminutive specimen of a very common Indian fresh-water fish, *Notopterus kapiat*. Judging from the above instances, it would seem that snakes are in the habit of bringing their fish ashore to eat after they have caught them. I have often seen snakes lying at the bottom in shallow water, and it is evident that they can remain a long time completely submerged without coming to the surface for air. In the same moat at Madras I one day saw a thick-set viper, nearly 4ft. long, lying apparently asleep in about 2ft. of water. I had a minnow, well garnished with hooks, on my line, so dropped it quietly just the other side of this sleepy serpent: then a good hard strike hooked the reptile in the middle of the body. As I hammered him with the butt of my fishing-rod, he struck at it and left a hollow fang sticking in the wood. Some kinds of snakes—the common rat-snake, for instance—though they take readily to the water and swim strongly, never seem to keep below the surface for long, and it is evident that certain species are much more aquatic in their habits than the rank and file of the serpent tribe. The common black Indian water-snake is one that I have constantly seen lying at the bottom in ponds.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

A CAT WITH ODD-COLOURED EYES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—A few days ago I came across a white Persian cat the eyes of which were decidedly odd. The iris of one was the prettiest sky-blue imaginable, but that of the other was the usual pale greenish yellow hue. The cat is about eight years old and the eyes have been odd since they first opened. The pupil in each eye was quite normal. It would be interesting to me to know whether such freaks are at all common.—F. W. H.

CLIMBERS IN SHADE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can you give me any information as to which climbing plants (for a pergola) will thrive under an oak tree? I have tried Virginian creeper, clematis and wistaria, but they are not a success, and I shall be most grateful if you can advise me what to plant. Also is there any way of destroying emmets? My kitchen is overrun with them and we even get them upstairs.—M. MARCHANT.

[As the Virginian creeper will not thrive under the tree, we presume that the shade is very dense; if this is so, very little will grow there. It is also probable that the oak tree takes practically all the nourishment from the soil. The best subjects to plant will be some of the good forms of ivy, of which there are quite a number with highly-diversified foliage. The Japanese honeysuckles will also thrive well under trees, and we advise



our correspondent to try either or both of the plants mentioned.—ED.]

OLD FIRE-BACK

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While visiting a farmhouse in Cumberland, I saw the fire-back of which the enclosed is a photograph. I thought it might be of interest to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, as it is in such good preservation. The date 1647 must be an error; no doubt 1647 is meant, but it was certainly cast as it stands, for there is no sign of the tail of the 6 being broken off.—K. F. WILSON.



OTHER COUNTRIES OTHER BREEDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Australian terriers, of which this photograph gives a good idea, have been obtained by selection, extending over thirty years, from such terriers as came nearest the ideal standard. At the present time the type is fairly

well fixed, and like begets like, the true test of any distinct breed. Unfortunately young countries, like young people, chafe against time, and try to improve upon the slow-working order of Nature. The result is, of course, bad, and not until breeders of the Antipodes are content to wait will these dogs be a success in their own country. Of course, I am simply regarding the breed from a sporting point of view, and not as a money-making affair; therein lies the crux.

If anyone scoffs at these terriers, I would remind them that nothing more (except, perhaps, as regards double length of time) can be said of all but perhaps half-a-dozen breeds of dogs in England at the present time. Why, even the modern fox-terrier has only been practically fifty years in the making, the wire-haired fox-terrier less, and the Irish terrier cannot be trusted to come true either to type or colour even now. If you remember, the Irish deerhound was resuscitated in the same way hundreds of years after the last of the true breed had died. Many other breeds in England (for instance, the Brussels griffon) are even more mixed than the Australian terriers. Compare pictures of the fox or Irish terrier of forty years ago with our show dogs of to-day! Would you recognise the breed? I have had my present kennels for the past five years, and out of all my litters each puppy has been true to its type, and each year makes a greater improvement in points. As regards the ancestors of the Australian terriers, they were Scottish, Yorkshire and Dandie Dinmont, the progeny being chosen for their looks, sharpness and sportsmanlike proclivities, as well as their qualities as ideal house-dogs.—ESSIE E. WOOD.

GARDENING AT WAYSIDE STATIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The North Eastern Railway has for some years encouraged its station-masters to take an interest in their gardens and the general appearance of wayside stations by a scheme of prizes, which gives not merely the older station gardens, but even those to which a new station-master has recently been appointed, a chance of winning. The three best station gardens on the line receive annually a special prize of £10, besides which there are awards in four other classes. The accompanying photograph was taken at the station at Woolperton, which has the fine record for the last fourteen years of one special prize, seven first prizes, four seconds and one third. It is an excellent idea on the part of the company thus to rejoice the eyes of their passengers when waiting at a station or even when passing through.—P.

[Bee-keeping is another pursuit which is eminently suitable for station-masters.—ED.]